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**AGE**

THE STORY OF THE **ATOMIC COMMANDOS!**

1000-825  
MAILED 1944  
**AGE**

NO 4 JAN.-FEB.

# Commander Battle

and  
the

## ATOMIC SUB

10¢

ALAN THAT DECK  
GUN... BEFORE SHE  
CUTS US IN TWO!

THE ATOMIC  
SUB-  
FACE-TO-  
FACE  
DEADLY  
DANGER





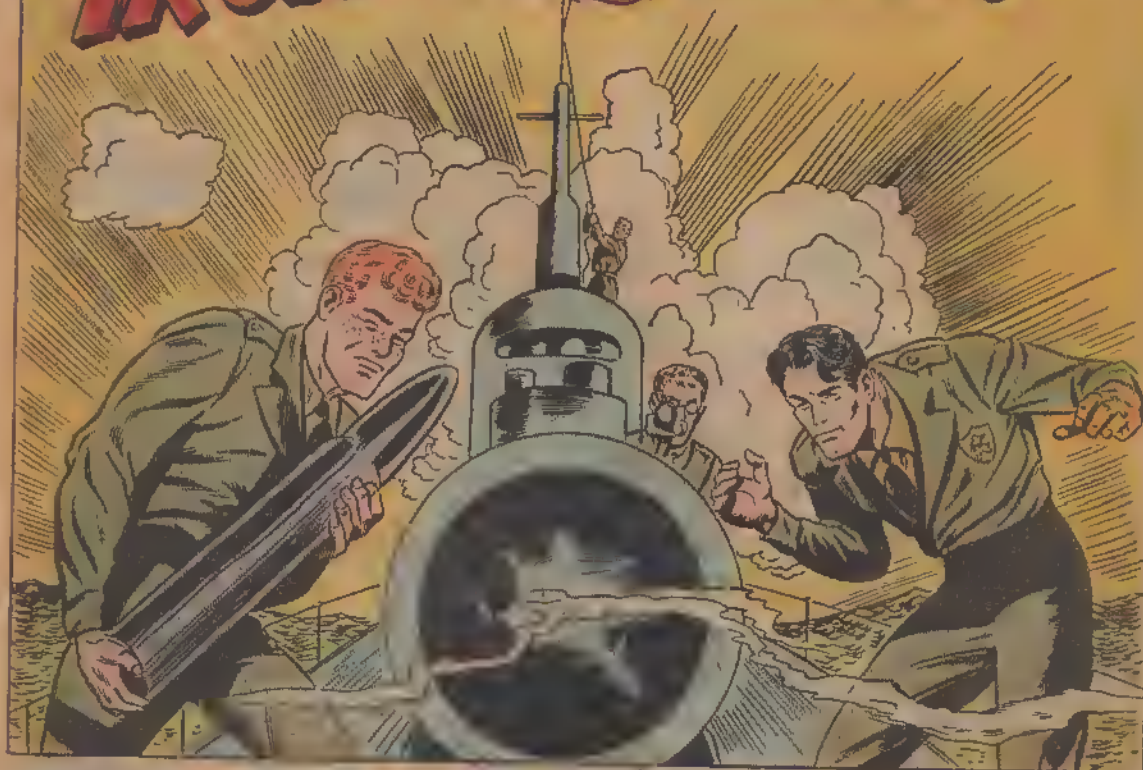


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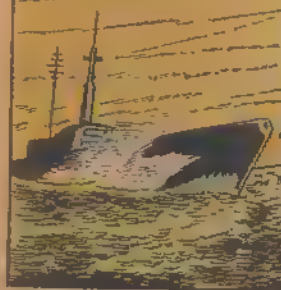
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YOU KNOW THEM WELL BY NOW--THESE **ATOMIC COMMANDOS** WHOSE THRILLING EXPLOITS HAVE WRITTEN HISTORY! YOU'VE SEEN THEM FIGHT BRAVELY AGAINST STAGGERING ODDS--WATCHED THIS TRAINED GROUP OF FIGHTING SPECIALISTS DARE DEATH ITSELF IN THE CAUSE OF IMPERILED DEMOCRACY! NOW THERE'S SOMETHING **NEW** ON TAP--A STORY OF TENSE ACTION SUCH AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN--AS COMMANDER BILL AND HIS BATTLE-BOYS FACE AN AWFUL CHALLENGE IN A GRIPPING TALE WE'LL CALL--

# PIERCING THE IRON CURTAIN!



IT ALL STARTED WHEN--

CALLING ATOMIC COMMANDOS, ABOARD ATOMIC SUB! URGENT THAT YOU RETURN TO WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY!



A TOP SECRET CONFERENCE--WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER HIMSELF! THE NATIONAL SECURITY ADMINISTRATOR WAS ALSO PRESENT, LISTENING GRIMLY--AND ONE OTHER MAN--

I'D LIKE YOU ATOMIC COMMANDOS TO MEET PROFESSOR McDUGGALD! HE'S JUST DISCOVERED A NEW BIOTIC POSSESSING A MARVELOUS DRYING QUALITY! IT'S PLANNED FOR USE IN RECLAIMING SWAMPS AND FLOODED LANDS!



WE SEE THIS AS ONE OF DEMOCRACY'S **GREATEST WEAPONS**, SINCE IT CAN RECLAIM WASTE AREAS EVERYWHERE, PUT THEM INTO PRODUCTION AND LICK THE SPECTER OF WORLD STARVATION! IT'S SO IMPORTANT THAT WE'RE SWITCHING THE PROFESSOR TO A LAB ON CARTER ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF

I SEE! YOU'D LIKE TO GET HIM OUT OF THE PUBLIC EYE!

MAINE, FOR THE FEW WEEKS NECESSARY TO COMPLETE HIS WORK!



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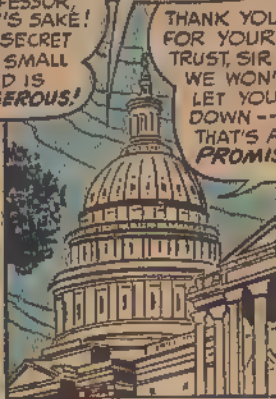
**RIGHT!** A SMALL GROUP OF MARINES WILL BE POSTED ON THE ISLAND AS GUARDS—WHILE YOU **ATOMIC COMMANDOS** PATROL THE NEARBY WATERS IN THE SUB, KEEPING ALL SHIPS AWAY!



I DON'T LIKE IT, MR. PRESIDENT! AS NATIONAL SECURITY ADMINIS-TRATOR, I SAY **KEEP PUBLIC ATTENTION FOCUSED ON THE PROFESSOR FOR SAFETY'S SAKE!** WORKING IN SECRET WITH SUCH A SMALL GUARD IS **DANGEROUS!**

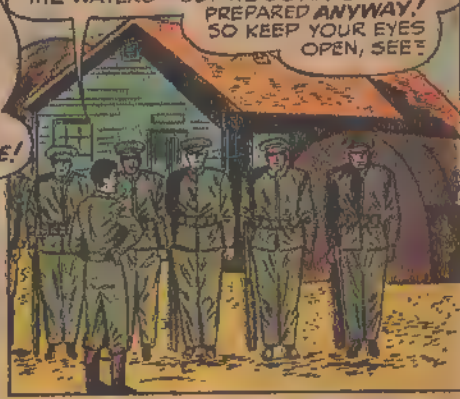
I DISAGREE! THE **ATOMIC COMMANDOS** HAVE NEVER FAILED ME YET--IT'S **THEIR** BABY! TAKE IT FROM HERE, COMMANDER **BILL BATTLE!**

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TRUST, SIR! WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN--THAT'S A **PROMISE!**



AND SO IT WAS THAT A SECURITY PROJECT OF VAST IMPORTANCE GOT UNDER WAY AT CARTER ISLAND--

LOOK, YOU FELLAS! MAYBE IT'S TRUE NOTHIN' EVER HAPPENS AROUND HERE, WHAT WITH THE **ATOMIC SUB** PATROLIN' THE WATERS--BUT WE GOTTA BE **PREPARED ANYWAY!** SO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, SEE?



AND ABOARD THE SUB--

GOSH, I'M TIRED, BILL! BUT THIS DO-NOTHING PATROL OF OURS HAS GIVEN ME THE TIME TO FINISH WORK-ING ON AN INNER PROTECTIVE SHELL FOR THE SUBMARINE! ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS CONNECT IT WITH THE POWER LINE!

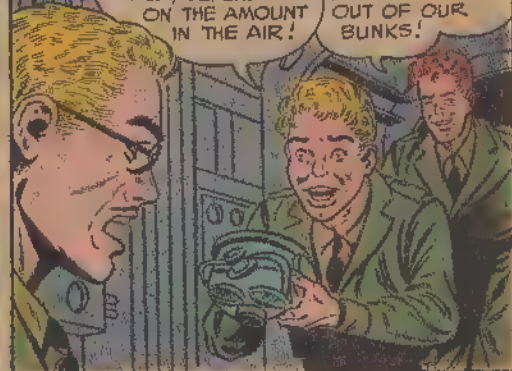
HEY, DOC, LOOK! I'VE GOT AN INVEN-TION TOO!



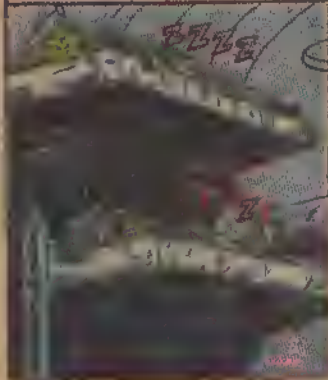
WHAT IS IT, JONNIE? A CATCHER'S MASK?

**NO SIR!** IT'S A NEW TYPE OF **OXYGEN** MASK YA WEAR, THAT'LL FEED YA MORE OR LESS OXYGEN AUTOMATI-CALLY, DEPENDING ON THE AMOUNT IN THE AIR!

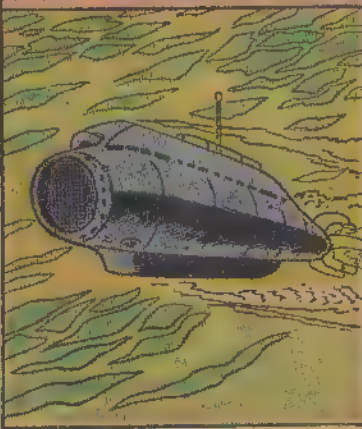
FORGET IT AND LET'S HIT THE HAY! I'VE STEPPED UP THE RADIO VOLUME--SO IF TONY TRIES TO CONTACT US FROM THE SHORE, THE NOISE'LL BLAST US RIGHT OUT OF OUR BUNKS!



AND SO THE **ATOMIC COM-MANDOS** RETIRED, CONFIDENT THAT SCIENCE, IN THE FORM OF AN OPEN RADIO CIRCUIT, WAS ON GUARD! AND JONNIE SNOOZED HAPPILY--FOR WASN'T HE TRYING OUT HIS NEW DEVICE EVEN AS HE SLEPT?



SLEEP...AND LITTLE DID THEY KNOW THAT SOME DISTANCE AWAY, JUST BARELY BEYOND THE RANGE OF THEIR LISTENING DEVICES, A STRANGE, WEIRDLY-BUILT SUBMARINE LURKED!

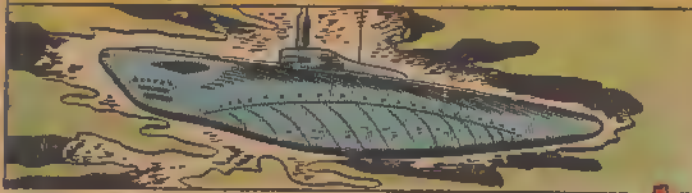


IT WAS A **SPECIALIZED CRAFT**, BUILT FOR AN EERIE PURPOSE! SLOWLY, SILENTLY IT TURNED, ITS GRIDLIKE BOW POINTING DIRECTLY TOWARDS THE **ATOMIC SUB!** AND FROM IT, A MILKY LIQUID BUBBLED...





THE WHITE FLUID SPREAD OUT IN GASEOUS TENDRILS, DRIFTING RELENTLESSLY TOWARDS ITS TARGET-- THE GREAT AMERICAN SUBMARINE! NOW IT HAD SURROUNDED IT--

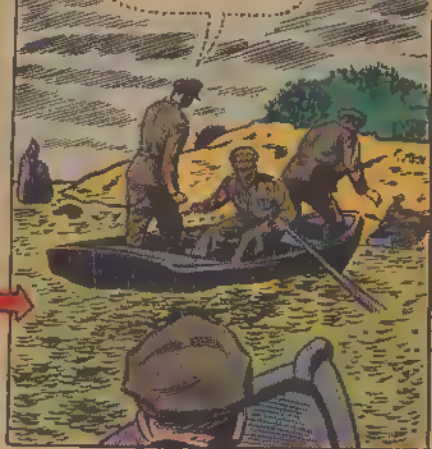


--AND NEXT-- PENETRATED ITS HULL! AROUND THE HEADS OF THE SLEEPERS IT WREATHED--AN ANESTHETIC GAS WHICH EVEN PENETRATED JONNIE'S MASK! AND IT LEFT THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS IN A DRUGGED, HEAVY SLUMBER!



MEANWHILE--ON THE ISLAND--

KEEP IT QUIET! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS A SURPRISE--



THIS'LL DISPOSE OF ONE OF THEM!

HELP! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!



IT WAS OUT IN THE OPEN NOW! BRAVELY, TONY LED HIS SMALL FORCE INTO ACTION--

LET'S GO, GANG! GIVE 'EM EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT!

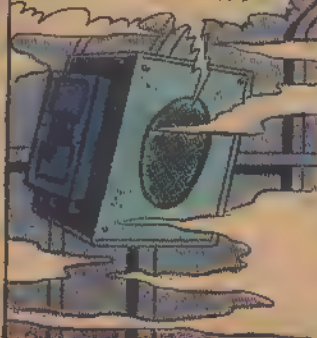


CALLING ATOMIC COMMANDOS! ISLAND ATTACKED BY SUPERIOR FORCE! CAN'T HOLD 'EM OFF LONG-- COME QUICK!



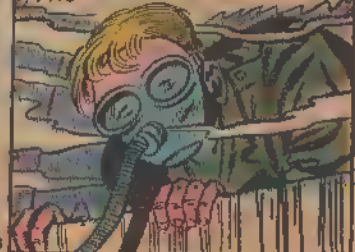
ABOARD THE ATOMIC SUB, ALL WAS QUIET-- SAVE FOR THE DESPERATE VOICE THAT NONE COULD HEAR--

WE'RE RETREATING TO THE LAB, WITH MOST OF MY GUARD SHOT DOWN! HURRY, FELLAS-- HURRY!



THE DESPAIRING MESSAGES CONTINUED! AND NOW ONE SLEEPER STIRRED--JONNIE! HE, TOO, HAD BREATHED THE GAS FUMES-- BUT THE OXYGEN FROM HIS MASK HAD REDUCED THEIR EFFECTS--

WHERE ARE YOU? WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME? ALL MY MEN-- THEY'RE GONE! I'VE LOCKED MYSELF IN THE LAB WITH PROFESSOR McDUGALD--



NOW, FINALLY, THE FRENZIED WORDS PENETRATED JONNIE'S DAZED CONSCIOUSNESS, BROUGHT HIM FROM HIS BUNK IN INCREDULOUS HORROR!

THE PROFESSOR AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT ALIVE! BUT THEY'RE BATTERING THE DOOR NOW! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE-- GET HELP TO US BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

GET UP! --DON'T YOU HEAR? PLEASE WAKE UP!.. I-I CAN'T MAKE 'EM EVEN STIR!



AND EVEN THEN--

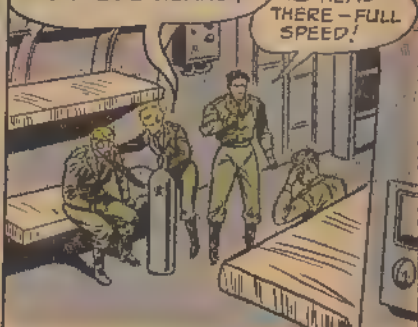
THEY'LL HAVE TO GET ME BEFORE THEY CAN LAY A HAND ON YOU-- AND I-- I'M HOPING THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS GET HERE BEFORE THAT HAPPENS!



BUT IT DIDN'T LOOK AS IF THE COMMANDOS WERE IN ANY SHAPE FOR SPEED--

HE SHOUTED SOMETHING ABOUT THE MARINE GUARDS BEING KILLED--AND HIM AND THE PROFESSOR BEING LOCKED UP IN THE LAB WITH THE GUYS CRASHING DOWN THE DOOR! THAT-- THAT'S THE LAST I HEARD!

WE'VE GOT TO HEAD THERE--FULL SPEED!



THE MIGHTY MOTORS HUMMED INTO ACTION-- THE ATOMIC SUB TURNED, STARTING TO GET UNDER WAY--

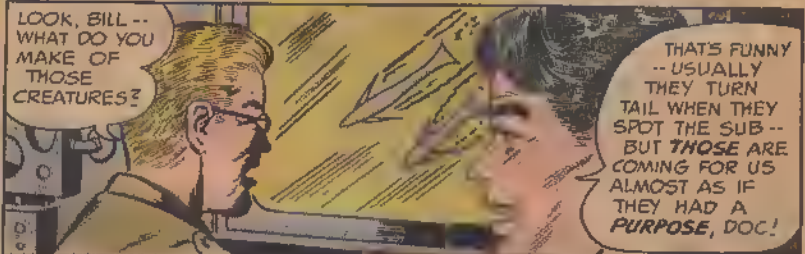
THE BLOWERS ARE WORKING FULL FORCE NOW! WE'LL-- BE FEELING BETTER IN TWO SHAKES!



FROM HIDING, THE STRANGE SUBMARINE WATCHED EVILLY! AND OUT OF ITS INTERIOR DRIFTED FISH-- METAL FISH!

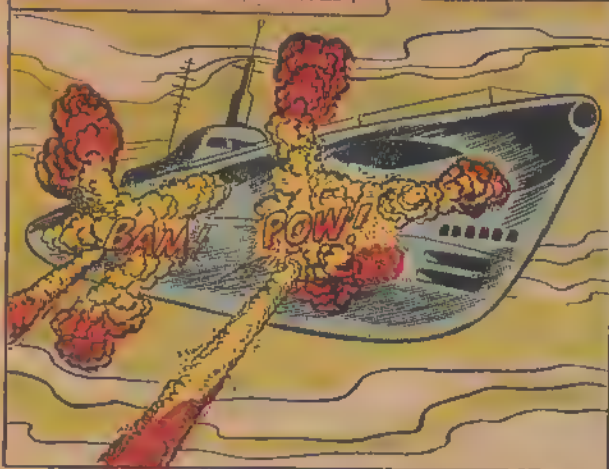


LOOK, BILL-- WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THOSE CREATURES?



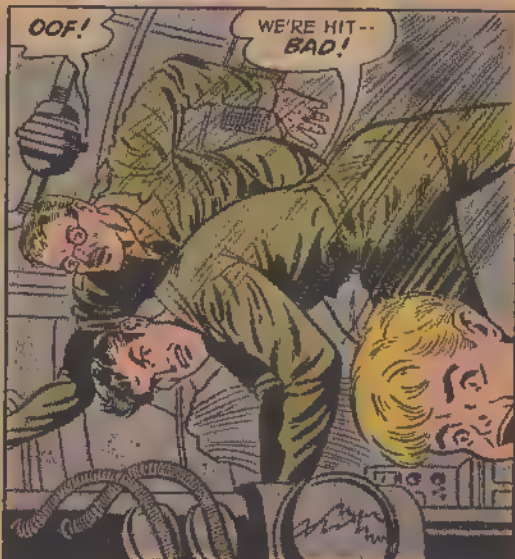
THAT'S FUNNY --USUALLY THEY TURN TAIL WHEN THEY SPOT THE SUB-- BUT THOSE ARE COMING FOR US ALMOST AS IF THEY HAD A PURPOSE, DOC!

YES, THESE FISH HAD A PURPOSE! ATTRACTED BY MAGNETISM, THEY SMASHED INTO THE HULL OF THE ATOMIC SUB-- EXPLODING WITH ALL OF THE TERRIBLE FORCE OF THE SUPER-EXPLOSIVE THEY CARRIED!



OOF!

WE'RE HIT-- BAD!



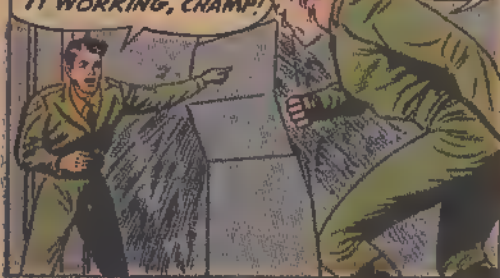
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IN THIS MOMENT OF GRAVE EMERGENCY, COMMANDER BILL BATTLE TOOK OVER-- WITH ALL OF THE FIGHTING LEADERSHIP AND COOLNESS UNDER FIRE WHICH HAD MADE HIM FAMOUS!

THAT WATER-- THE WHOLE PLATE WILL BUCKLE UNDER PRESSURE FROM OUTSIDE AND FINISH US ALL UNLESS DOC CAN SEAL IT OFF WITH THE INNER PROTECTIVE SHELL HE BUILT! YOU-- YOU'VE GOT TO HOLD THE PLATE IN PLACE UNTIL HE CAN GET IT WORKING, CHAMP!

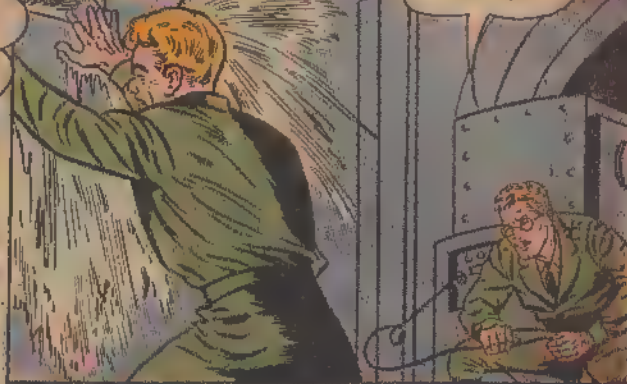
I-I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN DO IT-- BUT I'LL SURE GIVE IT A TRY!



THIS WAS A FEAT OF STRENGTH BEYOND HUMAN BELIEF-- BUT THIS WAS ALSO CHAMP RUGGLES-- MOST POWERFUL MAN ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT--

THERE'S TONS OF WATER PUSHING AT ME, DOC! CAN'T YOU-- HURRY IT UP?

I THINK I'VE GOT IT RIGGED! JUMP ASIDE, CHAMP-- FAST!



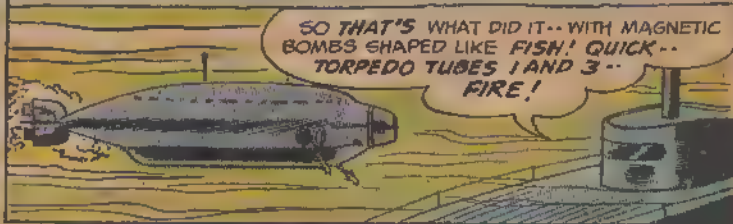
CHAMP LEAPED-- AND AN INNER WALL CLANGED SHUT. THE ATOMIC SUB WAS SAVED!

SHE'S CLOSED! NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT HIT US!

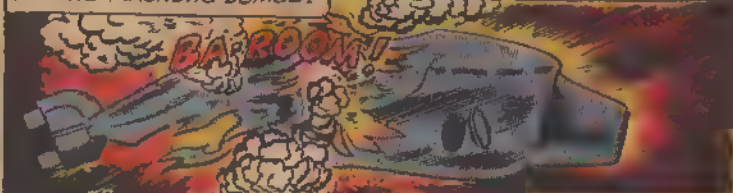


THAT WASN'T HARD TO DISCOVER-- BECAUSE THE STRANGE CRAFT WAS IN THE OPEN NOW! IT HAD COME OUT FOR THE KILL!

SO THAT'S WHAT DID IT-- WITH MAGNETIC BOMBS SHAPED LIKE FISH! QUICK-- TORPEDO TUBES 1 AND 3-- FIRE!

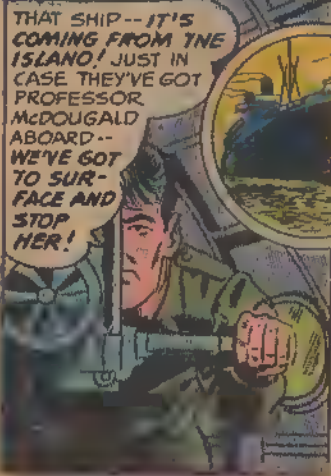


WITH UNERRING AIM, THE TORPEDOES STRUCK HOME-- WITH A FEARFUL BLAST WHICH DESTROYED BOTH THE ENEMY SUBMARINE AND ITS MAGNETIC BOMBS!



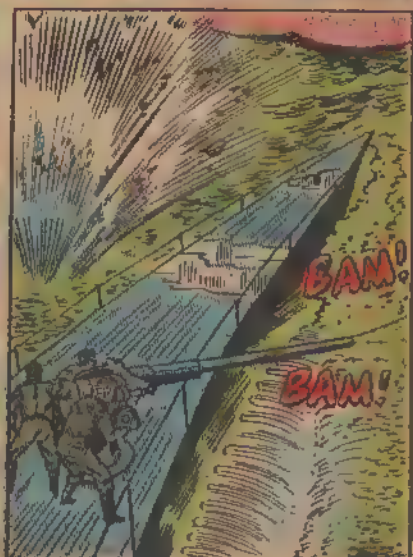
THEN-- FULL SPEED FOR THE ISLAND! BUT IN THEIR PATH THEY FOUND--

THAT SHIP-- IT'S COMING FROM THE ISLAND! JUST IN CASE THEY'VE GOT PROFESSOR McDUGGALD ABOARD-- WE'VE GOT TO SURFACE AND STOP HER!



BUT AS THE ATOMIC SUB SURFACED IN THE PATH OF THE SHIP!

SHE'S FIRING ON US! QUICK-- MAN THE DECK GUN!

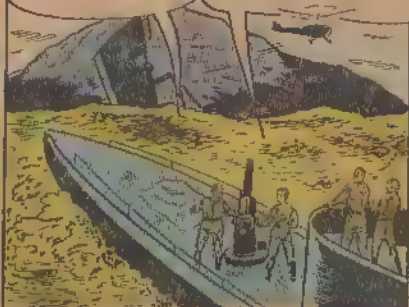


IT WAS A DIRECT HIT ON A POWDER MAGAZINE --



BUT JUST BEFORE THE WRECKED CRAFT SANK --

LOOK! THERE'S A PLANE TAKING OFF -- AND YOU CAN BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR IT'S GOT SOMETHING VALUABLE IN IT! WANNA TAKE AFTER HER?

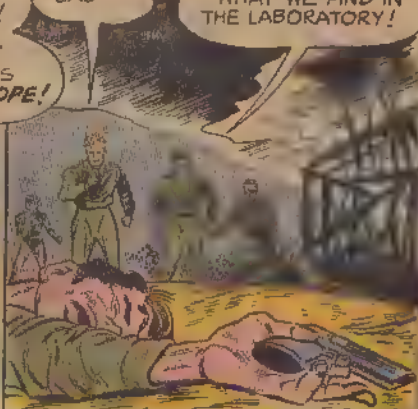


HOW CAN WE! THAT SHOT SHE PLANTED ON US DAMAGED OUR PLANE CATAPULT! NOTHING TO DO BUT GET TO THE ISLAND AS FAST AS WE CAN -- AND HOPE!

THE SCENE WHICH GREETED THEM ON THE ISLAND DIDN'T HOLD FORTH MUCH HOPE --

THEY'RE -- DEAD! IT LOOKS BAD --

WE -- WE'D BETTER BRACE OURSELVES FOR WHAT WE FIND IN THE LABORATORY!



IT WAS THERE THAT THEY FOUND WHAT THEY HAD FEARED --



HE'S -- STILL ALIVE --

GLAD -- YA GOT HERE --

I -- TRIED TO HOLD OUT -- COULDN'T -- THEY TOOK THE PROF -- AWAY FROM ME! I TRIED -- SO HARD! PLEASE -- SAY IT WASN'T MY FAULT -- FELLAS --



IT -- IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, TONY!

HE'S -- DEAD! REST IN PEACE, TONY -- WE'LL GET THEM FOR YOU! I SWEAR IT!



BUT PROFESSOR McDUGALD WAS GONE -- KIDNAPPED -- AND THE SECRET OF HIS MONUMENTAL DISCOVERY WAS IN ENEMY HANDS! THROUGHOUT THE NATION, A WAVE OF CONDEMNATION FLARED --



**The Star**  
**ATOMIC COMMANDOS HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR LOSS OF SECRET WEAPON!**

IT WAS RIDICULOUS, ENTRUSTING A FEW MEN LIKE THESE WITH SUCH A RESPONSIBILITY!

ATOMIC COMMANDOS, INDEED! THEY WERE INEPT, CARELESS, IRRESPONSIBLE --

BUT IN THE FACE OF THE GROWING TIRADE, ONE MAN HELD FIRM!

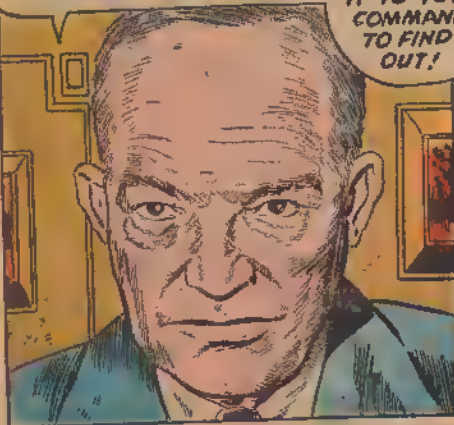
THERE'S BEEN AGITATION TO RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR COMMAND, BILL -- EVEN TO ABOLISH THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS ENTIRELY! BUT I KNOW WHAT YOU BOYS HAVE DONE FOR AMERICA -- AND THAT WHAT HAPPENED WASN'T YOUR FAULT! I'M ANSWERING THIS WAVE OF CRITICISM BY GIVING YOU A FREE HAND TO STRIKE BACK!

WE -- WE WON'T FORGET THIS, SIR!





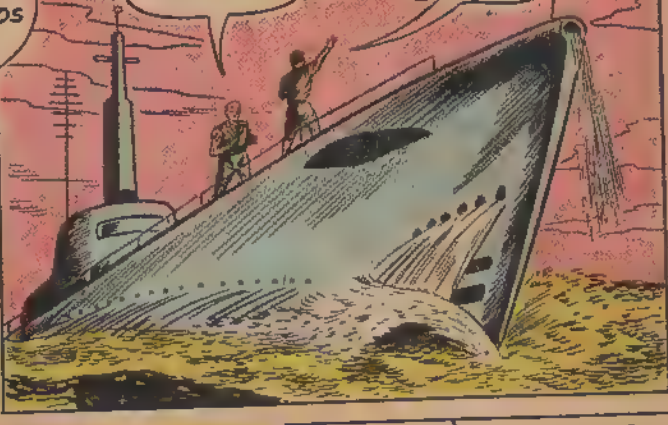
ONE LAST THING! I'M WORRIED--IF IT'S THE RUSSIANS, THEY'D GENERALLY GO AFTER A SECRET WEAPON THAT COULD KILL, NOT **HELP!** UNLESS THEY PLAN TO ADAPT THIS ONE FOR SOME HORRIBLE PURPOSE OF THEIR OWN! I'M LEAVING IT TO YOU COMMANDOS TO FIND OUT!



WEEKS FOLLOWED, DURING WHICH THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS STRUGGLED TO RUN DOWN EVERY POSSIBLE CLUE--TO NO AVAIL! FINALLY--ONE DAY--

HEAR THAT HUMMING NOISE? LIKE A PLANE--PRETTY FAR UP--

WELL, I'LL BE--! LOOK!



THERE'S A MAN PARACHUTING DOWN! STAND BY TO PICK HIM UP!

RESCUE--AND A STUNNING SURPRISE!

HOLY SMOKE! IT'S PROFESSOR McDOUGALD--DEAD!



HEY, THESE ARE RUSSIAN LETTERS ON HIS ARM-- AND A NUMBER! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, BILL? HMM...ACCORDING TO THIS BOOK THAT NAVAL ESPIONAGE PROVIDED ME WITH, THAT NUMBER SERIES IDENTIFIES TAIISI, A RUSSIAN PRISON CAMP FOR IMPORTANT PRISONERS! IT'S ON THE GULF OF RIGA, OFF THE BALTIC! SO IT WAS THE RUSSIANS--AND THAT'S WHERE THEY HAD PROFESSOR McDOUGALD!



WHAT DO WE DO? REPORT BACK TO WASHINGTON? REMEMBER WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAID--ABOUT LEAVING IT TO US TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT THEY PLANNED TO DO WITH THE SECRET THEY STOLE? HE GAVE US A FREE HAND, DIDN'T HE? SO WHAT'S HOLDING US?



McDOUGALD'S BODY WAS ENTRUSTED TO THE CARE OF THE COAST GUARD--AS THE ATOMIC SUB SPED ON ITS PERILOUS MISSION! ACROSS THE OCEAN--AT TERRIFIC SPEED--



FINALLY--WITH THEIR TRIP CONCLUDED--

WELL, WE'VE GOT HERE, AND NOBODY'S DETECTED US YET! WHAT'S OUR POSITION, BILL?



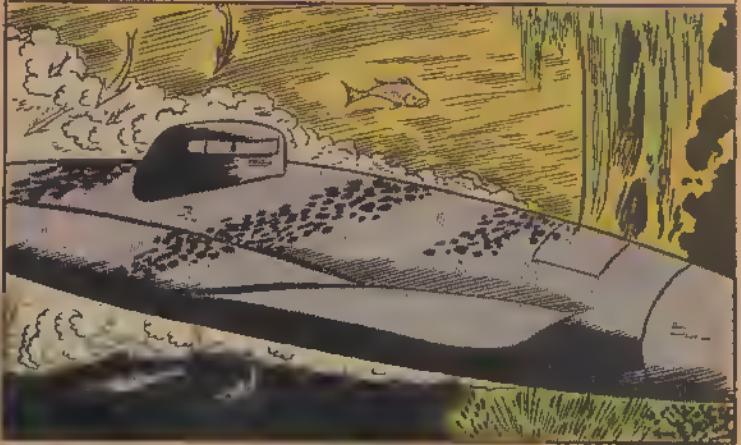
SPANG IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CHANNEL IN THE GULF OF RIGA, CHAMP--HEADING FOR TAIISI! THESE INTELLIGENCE MAPS ARE A BIG HELP--WE'RE GONNA TAKE 'EM COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE!



THINK SO, BILL BATTLE? THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE HAS JUST PASSED OVER A SPOT THAT LOOKS LIKE ANY OTHER--SEEMINGLY ONLY A PORTION OF THE BOTTOM OF THE GULF, COMPLETE WITH SAND AND ROCKS--



BUT WHEN IT HAS PASSED, THERE IS A STEALTHY MOVEMENT! SLOWLY IT RISES, THAT SKILFULLY-CAMOUFLAGED MONSTER--**THE WORLD'S HUGEST SUBMARINE!** IT'S AN UNDER-WATER BATTLESHIP--A MIGHTY CREATION THAT DWARFS ITS INTENDED VICTIM--**THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE!**



SO THAT'S THE ATOMIC SUB, EH? HA-HA-- I WONDER HOW THEY'D FEEL IF THEY KNEW THEY WERE **TRAPPED --DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION!**

THE FOOLS THINK THEY'VE PIERCED THE IRON CURTAIN! LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT WE CONSIDERED THEIR SUBMARINE SO GREAT A WEAPON THAT WE PLANNED CAREFULLY TO LURE IT HERE **THROUGH A CLUE ON A DEAD MAN'S ARM!**

AND NOW--**SQUAD ATTENTION!** ARE YOU READY FOR WHAT YOU'VE PREPARED FOR--**TO SACRIFICE YOUR LIVES FOR THE MOTHERLAND?**

DA!



INTO THE TUBES WENT THE STRANGE DEVICES! THERE WAS A HISSING OF COMPRESSED AIR-- AND FROM THE HUGE SUBMERSIBLE THERE BURST THREE SUICIDE TORPEDOES, EACH CONTAINING A LETHAL CHARGE OF SUPER-EXPLOSIVE--EACH GUIDED BY A FANATIC WHO **COULDN'T MISS!**

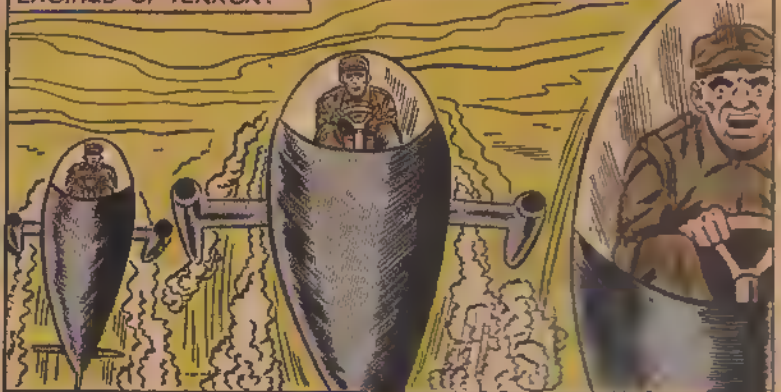


AND AT THAT MOMENT, ABOARD THE **ATOMIC SUB--**

OH, NO--HO!



**HURTLING TOWARD THEM CAME DOOM--** WRITTEN IN THE GRIM FACES OF THE DEATH SQUADRON THAT PILOTED THE AWFUL ENGINES OF TERROR!



SQUARELY IN THE PATH OF DESTRUCTION--**THE ATOMIC SUB!** IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF ANYTHING CAN SAVE THE COMMANDOOS--BUT FOR A SURPRISE THRILL SUCH AS YOU'VE NEVER HAD, THERE'S ANOTHER GASP. A-SECOND **ATOMIC SUB** STORY COMING UP--COMPLETE IN THIS VERY ISSUE!



# Can't STAND THOSE PIGBOATS!

TOM CLINE couldn't stand submarines. Maybe it was because destroyers were his first love—but there was something about all undersea craft that made him seered. Any man who'd demean himself to—serve in them couldn't have much in the way of self-respect! He figured that they weren't for an old-line regular navy man like him, and he was happy when the outbreak of World War II found him aboard the destroyer *Roberts*, a fighting lady as could fight. He couldn't wait to get to sea and get into action, and being tied up at a wharf *did* things to him. Particularly since, moored on the other side of the wharf, was the submarine *Killer Whale*.

Tom was feeling particularly venomous towards pigboats on that gloomy Thursday as he watched a line of sailors, lugging their duffle bags, mounting the gangplank to the submarine. Raw recruits, that's all they were—who else would be crazy enough to ship aboard one of *those* things? Then his eyes widened suddenly as they took in the rawest-looking recruit of all. There was something familiar about that gawky frame. With a few wide strides, he covered the intervening distance in time to greet his cousin, young Hank Cline. The Navy sure must be in a tough way when they had to sink to *Hank's* level! "If ya *budda* join up, why couldn't it have been for somethin' *decent*, like a destroyer?" he asked contemptuously. "Pigboats—*faugh!* I can't stand 'em!"

A reverential look came into young Hank's face. "They're *modern* warfare, and I'm lucky to serve aboard one!"

"Some luck!" sneered Tom Cline. "Listen, youngster, in the navy it's fightin'—and when it comes to fightin', it's a destroyer every time! What's a sub but a useless old tea-kettle that hasta hide *under* the water because it can't lick a leaky canoe topside! If you ever *do* put out to sea, which I doubt, you'll be callin' for a tough baby like the *Roberts* to get you outa trouble!"

There wasn't any time to carry on the feud further, because on the very next

day, the *Roberts* got its orders, and set sail for convoy duty in the North Sea. It was a rigorous six months, with action aplenty, and the destroyer gave a good account of itself. And then came that day that old convoy men still talk about—when a squadron of German fighting ships swooped down on the biggest Allied convoy ever to pass through the North Sea. The convoy was well defended—but the Nazis had two heavy cruisers plus more destroyers than the Allies could muster. It was a grim, deadly battle, with quarter neither given nor received. The *Roberts'* guns were almost melting from the heat of continued broadsides when one of the heavy cruisers, in a terrific barrage, crippled the destroyer. It lay wallowing helplessly on the tossing sea, its guns silenced in its torn turrets as the Nazi cruiser steamed close to administer the coup de grace. Tom felt fear, and wasn't ashamed of it—because it could be a matter of only short moments at best when the cruiser's guns would roar once more—and the helpless destroyer would plunge to a watery grave. He wanted to turn aside in despair, but forced himself to hold his head aloft and look towards the mighty German battlewagon from which doom would shortly strike.

It never struck. Even as he gazed towards it, an awful explosion set the air ringing for miles around. And when the smoke cleared, the huge cruiser could be seen in two separate, sinking parts, blown asunder by an accurate hit which had penetrated its magazines. But—where had it come from? Even as he wondered in stupefied amazement, Tom was aware of a movement in the water nearby. Slowly, litchely, a submarine broke the surface of the water. Those lines—he'd seen them before, from across a wharf—it was the *Killer Whale*! As he gazed upon it, Tom knew that he was going to have to eat an awful lot of humble pie when next he met up with his cousin Hank. And he didn't mind a bit, because now he'd *changed*. Yes, from that moment on, Tom Cline simply loved pigboats!



# Magic Dutch Rock Garden Grows in 4 DAYS



**Grows  
in 4 Days  
Lasts for months  
in any season**

**Winter-Summer,  
Spring or Fall  
Grow grasses green  
and flowers tall.**

Boys & girls, here's exciting news. News about something entirely different! Now, you can grow a real garden of your very own—right in your own home. Yes, here's an amazing

magic garden you set up and plant yourself in a few minutes. Grow real grass and flowers in just a few days! You'll thrill to the magic of Mother Nature as you watch the grass sprout and the flowers take root and grow right before your eyes. In no time at all you'll have a colorful, healthy garden—and what a kick you'll get playing gardeners, cutting the grass, watering the plants, and tending the lovely sweet-smelling flowers. You can even clip a beautiful bunch of flowers for mom, or friend. All your friends will wonder how you were able to make things grow—They'll all want you to show them how!

## EVERYTHING YOU NEED

You get all these items—you don't need anything else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds... Magic soil, Lovely flower seeds... Practical, attractive container... Bright colored metal butterflies, Little Dutch boy and girl... American Flag... Parasol that opens and closes... simulated rocks. Cute ceramic dog... Many other exciting features.

Over a hundred square inches of garden — Special wishing pool in the center — An American flag and pole — Two attractive butterflies that look like they're flying — Your own container. Just look at the list!

## For Boys and Girls of All Ages

Here's a beautiful garden all your own for just a single dollar bill. You'll have hours of fun. You'll surprise your family and friends with what you know and what you can do!

**10 Day Trial FREE**

If you are not 100% delighted with this Garden just send it back. We will refund the full purchase price at once. Rush Coupon now!

## RUSH COUPON NOW!

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. G-242  
835 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush my Magic Dutch Rock Gardens on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Send C. O. D. I'll pay postman \$1 plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose \$1.00 for my garden. You pay postage. Same money back guarantee.





HERE'S A THRILLING STORY OF UNTOLD WEALTH WHICH LIES HIDDEN FAR BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE SEA! IT'S THE TALE OF A NEW METHOD OF RECLAIMING THIS WEALTH--OF HOW SUBMARINES CAN BE USED IN THE HUNT FOR--

# SUNKEN TREASURE!



IT ALL STARTED WHEN MIKE BLISS WAS GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE WITH A STARTLING INTENTION--

THIS DIPLOMA'S GETTING ME INTO LAW SCHOOL!

ME, I'M GOING INTO MY DAD'S BROKERAGE HOUSE!--HOW'S ABOUT YOU, MIKE?

MAYBE IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT MY PROFESSION'S GOING TO BE--  
**TREASURE-HUNTING!**

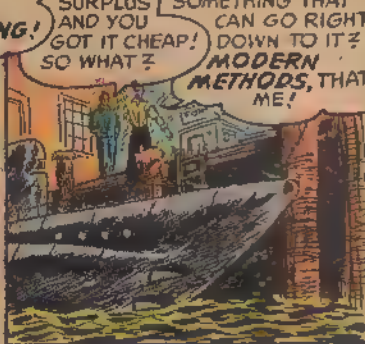
THAT DREW A HORSE-LAUGH, ALL RIGHT--BUT MIKE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS DOING! HE PLANNED TO BE A NEW TYPE OF TREASURE-HUNTER--

ALL RIGHT, SO IT'S GOVERNMENT SURPLUS AND YOU GOT IT CHEAP! SO WHAT?

DO YOU KNOW ANY BETTER WAY OF GETTING SUNKEN TREASURE THAN SOMETHING THAT CAN GO RIGHT DOWN TO IT? MODERN METHODS, THAT'S ME!

IT WASN'T ALWAYS TREASURE--FREQUENTLY, IT WAS THE SALVAGING OF WRECKED SHIPS! IT WAS HERE THAT MIKE FIRST RAN INTO BART LARSEN, THE TOP TREASURE-HUNTER AND SALVAGE EXPERT IN THE BUSINESS!

THIS IS MY SALVAGE JOB! TAKE YER BLASTED PIG-BOAT OUTA HERE, OR I'LL RUN YA DOWN!





THERE WERE MANY SUCH CLASHES! SOONER OR LATER, IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT THEY MEET FACE TO FACE!

I'M TIRED OF YOU CUTTIN' IN ON MY JOBS, BLISS! I'M WARNIN' YA--GET IN MY WAY AGAIN, AN' I'LL BEAT YA TO A PULP!

I'M TIRED OF YOUR NOISE, LARSEN! WHY DON'T YOU TRY **DOING** SOMETHING ABOUT IT?



HOW'S ABOUT THIS?

**POW!**



I'LL BREAK-- OOF!

UH-UH-- I'LL DO THE BREAKING!



SEE WHAT I MEAN?

**BAM!**



YA HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF THIS, BOY SCOUT! GO BACK TO YOUR TIN BOAT! I SWEAR I'LL FINISH IT OFF YET-- WITH YOU IN IT!



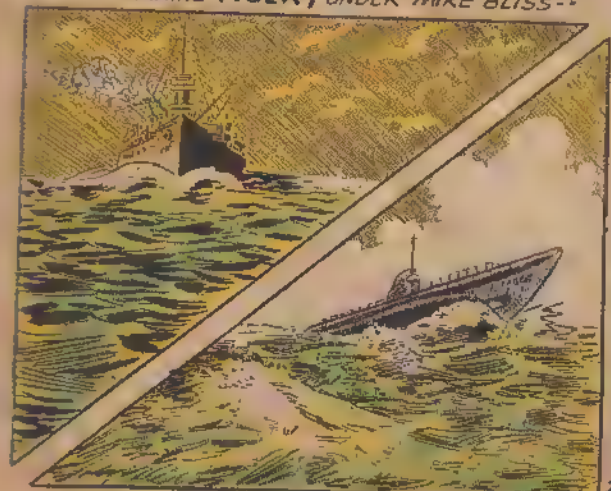
THERE HAD TO BE A NEXT TIME -- THEIR PATHS HAD TO CROSS AGAIN! THE MOTIVATING FACTOR WAS A NEWS ARTICLE--

# PIRATE TREASURE LOCATED NEAR KUBLA ISLAND

Trinidad, Dec 12 (AP) -- Treasure-hunting circles are excited by reports of ancient gold coins brought up by native divers near here. This serves to pinpoint the location of the pirate bark **EAGLE**, which went down in this locality during a gale in 1713. The ship, divers say, had probably been covered over by sand of the ocean bed, requiring modern salvage methods.

NEW PLAN FOR "EMPLOYMENT"

IMMEDIATELY, TWO SALVAGE CRAFT RACED FOR THE DESIGNATED LOCATION! THERE WAS THE **S.S. MARBLEHEAD**, BART LARSEN, MASTER-- AND THE SUBMARINE **TIGER**, UNDER MIKE BLISS--



WHEN THE **MARBLEHEAD** REACHED ITS POSITION--

I'M PICKING UP THE NOISE OF MOTORS FROM DOWN THERE, CAPTAIN! IT'S A SUBMARINE!

**MIKE BLISS AGAIN!** BUT THIS TIME I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE HIM! DEPTH BOMBS ARE A LEGITIMATE PART OF SALVAGE EQUIPMENT--AND WHO'S TO SAY I **KNEW** HE WAS DOWN THERE?





HIS PIGBOAT'LL BE ON THE BOTTOM-- I'VE TIMED THE ASHCAN TO EXPLODE AT THAT DEPTH!-- **THERE SHE GOES!** NOW READY THE SECOND ONE--



MEANWHILE, DOWN BELOW, ANOTHER LISTENING DEVICE WAS SIMILARLY AT WORK--

SHIP'S ENGINES RIGHT ABOVE US, CAP!

THAT'LL BE LARSEN! HE SWORE HE'D FINISH OFF THE SUB--AND I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST HIM TO GIVE IT A TRY IN THESE LONELY WATERS!-- **SURFACE! FAST!**



THE **TIGER** ASCENDED-- JUST IN TIME!

HOLY SMOKE! I WAS RIGHT!

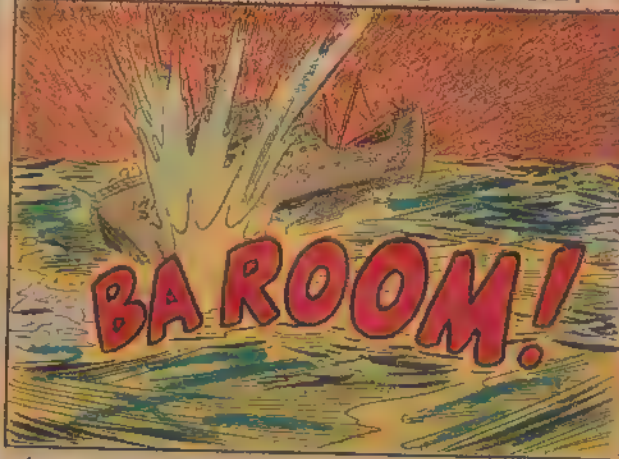
**KER-POW!**

A MOMENT LATER, THROUGH THE CLEAR WATER, THEY SAW THE SECOND DEPTH CHARGE AS IT HURTLED DOWNWARD--



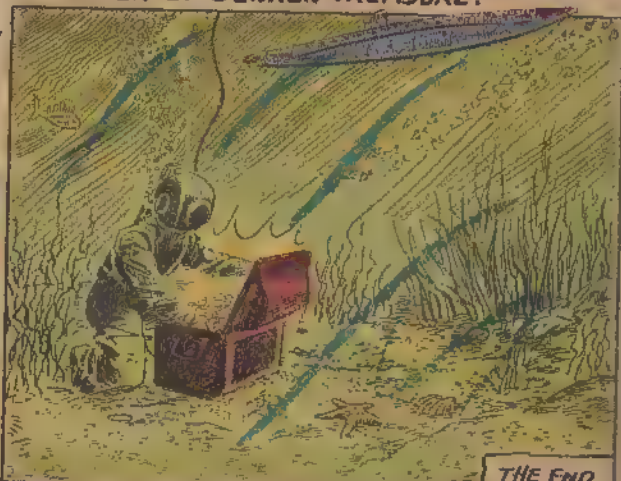
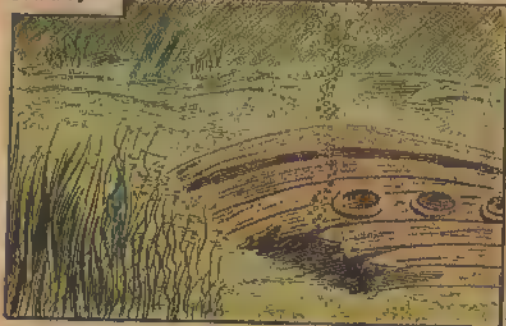
THERE COMES ANOTHER ONE-- HEADED FOR US! QUICK-- OPEN FIRE!

THESE WERE PART OF THE **TIGER'S** SALVAGE EQUIPMENT-- THE SMALL TORPEDOES THAT RACED UPWARD-- EXPLODING THE LETHAL BOMB BEFORE IT WAS CLEAR OF THE **MARBLEHEAD'S** HULL!



AND THUS, FROM OUT OF THE WATERY WASTES AND THE CENTURIES WHICH HAD HIDDEN IT, THERE EMERGED A GOLDEN HOARD-- RECLAIMED BY THE **SUBMARINE**-- **MASTER OF SUNKEN TREASURE!**

DOWN, DOWN TO ITS WATERY GRAVE THE SHIP PLUNGED-- WITH LARSEN AND HIS CREW LUCKY TO ESCAPE WITH THEIR LIVES! AND RETURNING TO HIS HUNT, MIKE BLISS MADE AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY! THE FIRST DEPTH CHARGE HAD RIPPED A HOLE IN THE OCEAN BED-- REVEALING THE ROTTING TIMBERS OF THE OLD PIRATE BARK!



THE END

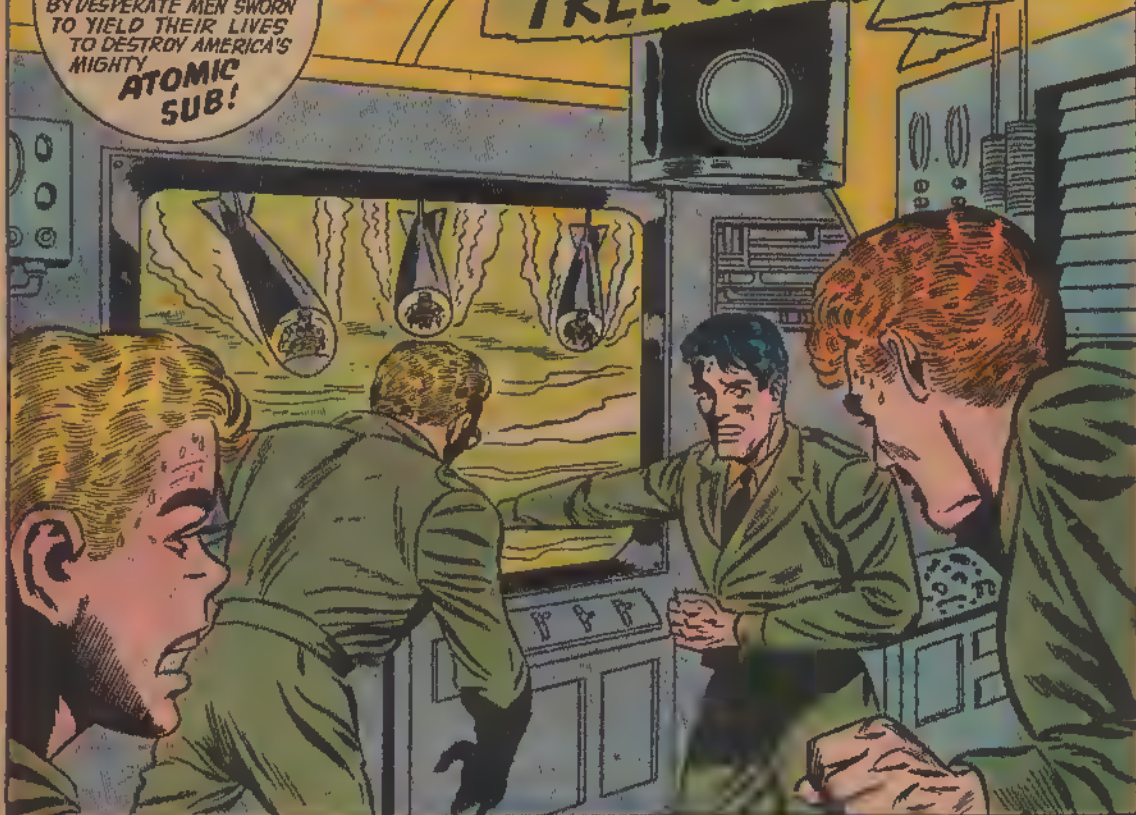


READY FOR HAIRBREATH ADVENTURE? SET FOR GASP-A-SECOND THRILLS? THEN PILE ABOARD FOR A TENSE VOYAGE WITH

# The ATOMIC COMMANDOS

in  
"TREE OF DEATH!"

This WAS A DEADLY DANGER FROM WHICH ESCAPE SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE! SUICIDE TORPEDOES...PILOTED BY DESPERATE MEN SWORN TO YIELD THEIR LIVES TO DESTROY AMERICA'S MIGHTY ATOMIC SUB!



HUGE MOTORS ROARED FORTH THEIR THUNDER AS THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE REVED UP ITS SPEED, TRIED TO OUTFRUIT, TO DODGE ITS FATAL PURSUERS! BUT RELENTLESSLY, THEY HELD TO THE TRAIL...AND GAINED!

IT--IT'S NO USE! WE CAN'T SHAKE THEM OFF!

THE EASY WAY THEY TURN--POWER-STEERING BY PILOT-CONTROLLED RADIO IMPULSE! WAIT... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

IF THIS WORKS, THESE RADIO SIGNALS MAY JAM THEIR STEERING MECHANISMS! AND IT HAD BETTER WORK!

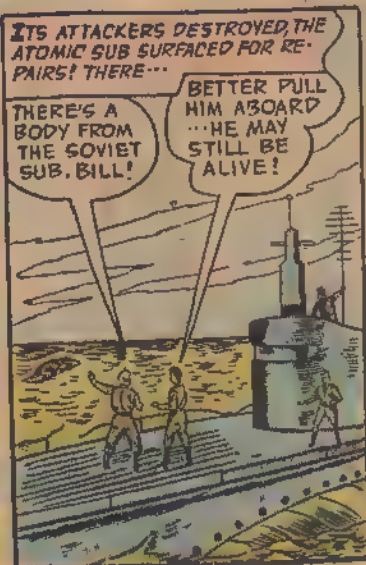
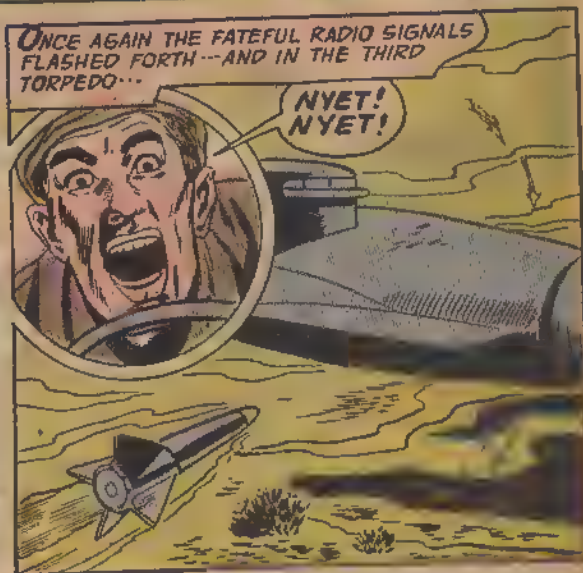
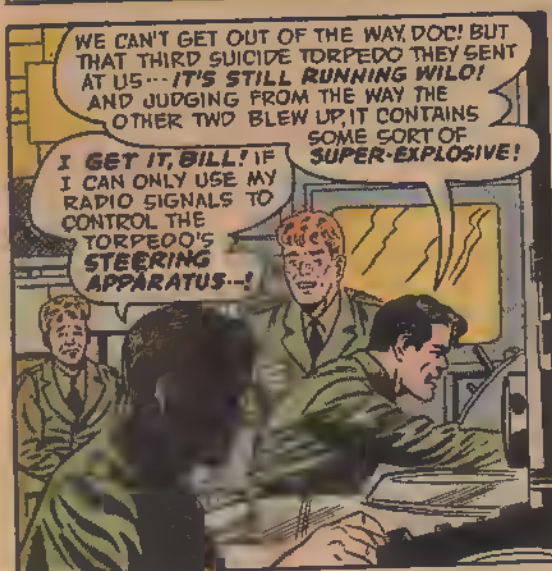
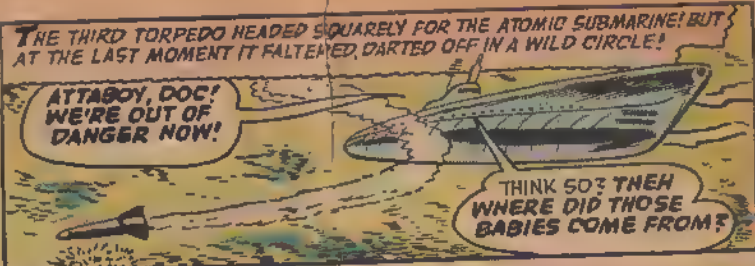
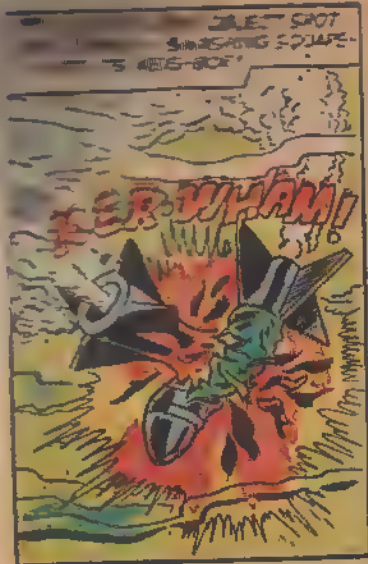


SUDDENLY--IN ONE OF THE PURSUING PROJECTILES--

IT WON'T ANSWER...THE WHEEL...









BUT I'LL...MAKE UP FOR IT! HAVEN'T...FORGOTTEN INSTRUCTIONS! PICK YOU UP OFF MAYOUMBA, AFRICA—WITH THE PERFECTED FORMULA—



HE'S DEAD! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, BILL?

LOOKS LIKE THIS GUY SERGIEV MUST BE THE HEAD OF THE WHOLE PLOT! IT INVOLVED NOT ONLY STEALING MCDOUGALD'S SECRET FOR SOME TERRIBLE PURPOSE OF THEIR OWN, BUT KILLING US AND DESTROYING THE

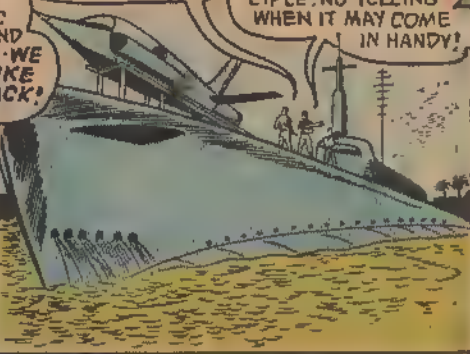
ATOMIC SUB! AND NOW...WE STRIKE BACK!



OFF MAYOUMBA, IN AFRICA...

WHATEVER'S GOING ON MUST BE INLAND, NEAR HERE SOMEWHERE! WE'LL SCOUT IT OUT IN THE PLANE! ...WHAT'S THAT YOU'VE GOT THERE, DOC?

OH, JUST A LITTLE DEVICE I'VE BEEN WORKING ON! IT'S A BATTERY-OPERATED, CONCENTRATED FLAME-THROWER THAT OPERATES ON THE MACHINE-GUN PRINCIPLE! NO TELLING WHEN IT MAY COME IN HANDY!



THIS WAS THE ATOMIC PLANE, WHICH FLEW WITH SILENT MOTORS! TO ESCAPE OBSERVATION, THE COMMANDOS SOARED HIGH...

SOME SIGNS OF ACTIVITY DOWN THERE...THAT MAY BE WHAT WE'RE AFTER! WE'LL HAVE TO LOOK FOR SOME NEARBY CLEARING IN THE JUNGLE WHERE WE CAN LAND THE PLANE!



AUTOMATICALLY UNFOLDING ROTOR BLADES BROUGHT THEM DOWN SAFELY! THEN...

SORRY, JONNIE, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE UNTIL WE GET BACK! I CAN'T HAVE YOU RISKING YOUR NECK! WE'LL BE BACK SOON!

AW, GEE...



AS THEY MADE THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE SIGNS OF HABITATION THEY HAD SEEN EARLIER, SUDDENLY THE JUNGLE STOPPED... AND THEY FOUND THEMSELVES ON THE EDGE OF A STRANGE DESERT...

DESERT! BUT...BUT THE MAPS DON'T SHOW ANY WASTELAND IN THIS AREA! IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE PURE JUNGLE! I DON'T GET IT!



NOTHING...NOTHING BUT SAND...AND OCCASIONALLY, A HUGE, STRANGE-LOOKING PLANT...

HEY, I NEVER SAW PLANTS LIKE THOSE BEFORE! LET'S GIVE ONE OF 'EM A CLOSER LOOK!







OH-OH...  
LOOKS LIKE  
TROUBLE!  
IT'S A  
LION!



**ARRRRGH!**



WHAT  
THE...!

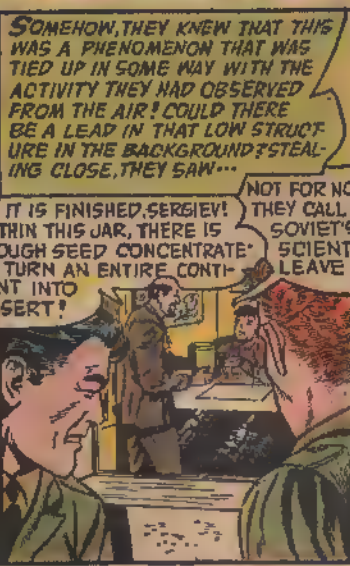
**RRRRRR...**



THIS WAS NO ORDINARY VEGETATION! IT WAS A FIGHTING KILLER!

THAT THING...IT'S  
A VAMPIRE! IT'S  
CRUSHING THE  
LION!

**EEE-YOWWW!**



SOMEHOW, THEY KNEW THAT THIS WAS A PHENOMENON THAT WAS TIED UP IN SOME WAY WITH THE ACTIVITY THEY HAD OBSERVED FROM THE AIR! COULD THERE BE A LEAD IN THAT LOW STRUCTURE IN THE BACKGROUND? STEALING CLOSE, THEY SAW...

IT IS FINISHED, SERGIEV! WITHIN THIS JAR, THERE IS ENOUGH SEED CONCENTRATE TO TURN AN ENTIRE CONTINENT INTO DESERT!

NOT FOR NOTHING DO THEY CALL YOU THE SOVIET'S GREATEST SCIENTIST, ANDREYSKI! LEAVE IT WITH ME!



SERGIEV WAS ALONE, NOW! IT WAS THEN THAT THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS STRUCK...

DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

THE ATOMIC COMMANDOS! IT LOOKS LIKE MY LITTLE PLAN TO DESTROY YOU AND YOUR SUBMARINE IN THE GULF OF RIGA FAILED! HOWEVER, LET ME WARN YOU AGAINST GROWING TOO OPTIMISTIC...



...BECAUSE I SAW YOU JUST BEFORE YOU ENTERED...AND MY HAND HAS BEEN ON THE ALARM EVER SINCE! IF YOU WILL LOOK AROUND YOU...?



A HASTY GLANCE REVEALED...

WE'RE TRAPPED! BUT LET'S GO DOWN FIGHTING, COMMANDOS!

**SEIZE THEM!**

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)



# TALK TO YOUR FRIENDS UP TO ½ MILE AWAY

**Zimphone\*  
Electronic**

#200

WAY

## Walkie Talkie

2-WAY PHONE SET  
2-WAY SIGNAL



**1.98**



ROOM TO ROOM



HOUSE TO HOUSE



CAMP TO CABIN



OUTDOOR PLAY



WORK ROOM TO HOUSE

WILL WORK  
UP TO ½ MILE  
WITH  
EXTRA WIRE

**PISTOL GRIP HANDLE**

**BUILT-IN 2 TONE SIGNAL**

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WALKIE TALKIE

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**SORRY-  
No C.O.D.**

Enclosed please find my cash, check or money order for.....to cover the cost of .....set(s) of the WALKIE TALKIE or \$1.98 each.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

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- **ELECTRO-MAGNETIC** Powered Units nothing to wear out
- **2-TONE SIGNAL WHISTLES**—built into the pistol grip handles
- **25 FEET DOUBLE WIRE**—will work up to half a mile
- **UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED** assured performance



COMBAT WAS AN OLD BUSINESS FOR THE BATTLE-BOYS! THEY GAVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES--



...BUT THERE WAS NO WITHSTANDING THE FORCE OF NUMBERS!



ONE WAY OR THE OTHER... **SERGIEV ALWAYS GETS HIS MEN!** YOU'LL DIE--JUST AS YOUR FRIEND TONY GARDELLO DID BEFORE YOU--AND JUST AS I FINISHED OFF PROFESSOR MCDUGALD AFTER I'D LEARNED WHAT I WANTED FROM HIM!

I KNOW THAT ONE--HE'S DR. EDWIN BLAKE, THE NOTED AMERICAN SCIENTIST!



THAT'S RIGHT--AND YOU'RE GREGOR ANDREYSKI--WE'VE MET AT INTERNATIONAL CONVENTIONS! SINCE I'M GOING TO DIE ANYWAY, MIND TELLING ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

IT CAN'T DO ANY HARM NOW! YOU SEE, I HAD DEVELOPED A MONSTROUS VAMPIRE PLANT WHOSE ROOTS COVERED HUGE AREAS--AND THERE WAS PROFESSOR MCDUGALD'S BIOTIC,

WITH THE MARVELOUS ORYING QUALITY WHICH OUR SPIES REPORTED!

BY STEALING AND USING IT, WE DEVELOPED A STRAIN WHOSE ROOTS SAPPED THE LIFE OUT OF ANY SOIL THEY TOUCHED, PRODUCING DESS. FOR MILES AROUND! AND NOW I'VE PRODUCED A **CONCENTRATED SEED** WHICH WILL **TURN AMERICA INTO A WASTELAND!** I ALONE KNOW ITS SECRET!



SO THAT'S IT! EXACTLY WHAT MURDERERS WITHOUT SOUL OR CONSCIENCE **WOULD** COME UP WITH!

AH, YES--AND WE SELECTED THIS AREA TO WORK IN SECRET BECAUSE ITS CLIMATE ALLOWED FOR THE BEST DEVELOPMENT OF OUR PLANTS! WE'LL LEAVE NOW--BUT YOU SHALL REMAIN BEHIND--AND IT WON'T BE PLEASANT!



IT WAS A CRUEL, A FIENDISH SCHEME--

WE'LL LEAVE YOU CHAINED HERE, JUST OUT OF REACH OF THE PLANTS! AND IF YOU DON'T STARVE--IF YOU DO MANAGE TO GET LOOSE--OUR LEAFY FRIENDS THERE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



THE HUM OF AN AIRPLANE MARKED THE DEPARTURE OF THE RUSSIANS! THE COMMANDOS WERE LEFT TO THEIR FATE--

THEY--THEY'VE GOT THAT CONCENTRATED SEED WITH THEM--AND THEY'LL SCATTER IT TO THE WINDS OVER AMERICA! IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS--AND WE'RE...**HELPLESS!**





**BUT MEANWHILE---**

I KNOW COMMANDER BILL TOLD ME TO STAY HERE--BUT HE ALSO SAID THEY'D BE BACK SOON! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED! I'LL TAKE THIS GADGET OF DOC'S WITH ME-- HE LEFT IT HERE---

**HOLY SMOKE! WHAT!**

**NO, JONNIE, NO...GET BACK!**

**TOO LATE!**

**HUH?**

**GOOD HEAVENS, IT---IT'S GOT HIM!**

**WITH ALL OF THE MIGHTY POWER FOR WHICH HE WAS FAMED---CHAMP BROKE LOOSE!**

**HANG ON, JONNIE! I'M COMING!**

**WHAM!**

**IT WAS A WEIRD, AN ANFUL BATTLE---HUMAN STRENGTH PITTED AGAINST THE TITANIC FORCE OF A KILLER-PLANT! AND YET CHAMP MIGHT HAVE WON THROUGH--IF ANOTHER OF THE STRANGE TREES OF DEATH HADN'T TAKEN A HAND---**

TWO OF THEM NOW---CAN'T---FIGHT 'EM OFF---

**I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING---WAIT! THIS GADGET OF DOC'S---**

**JONNIE GRABBED THE ODD DEVICE---AND CUT LOOSE!**

**IF---IF ONLY THIS'LL WORK---**

**FEST! FEST! FEST!**



SHOOTING FLAMES, ONE AFTER THE OTHER, DARTING WITH SIZZLING SPEED! AND AS THEY HIT, THE FLAME SPREAD---TRANSFORMING THE DEATH TREES INTO BLAZING, SCREAMING PYRES!



EEE-EEEE!  
AI-EEEEEE!

THEY...  
THEY'RE  
SHRIEKING  
LIKE  
AGONIZED  
HUMANS!

WITH BILL AND DOC RELEASED---

SO THAT'S  
WHAT THEY'RE  
VULNERABLE  
TO---FIRE!

FORGET THAT! SERGIEV  
AND THAT RED SCIENTIST  
PAL OF HIS HAVE AL-  
READY FLOWN OUT WITH  
THOSE CONCENTRATED  
SEEDS THEY PLAN TO USE  
AGAINST AMERICA! WE'VE  
GOT TO GO AFTER 'EM!



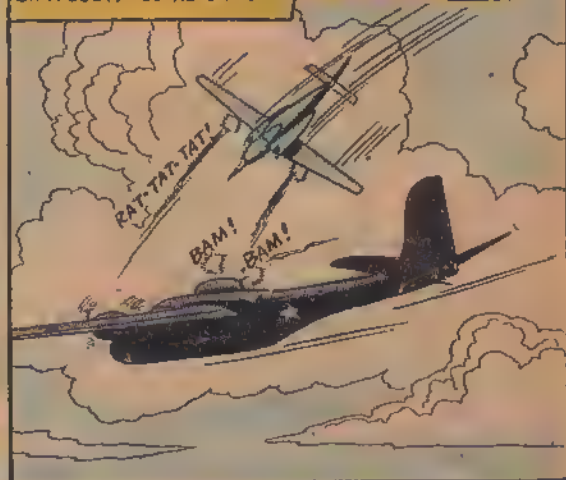
THE RUSSIANS HAD A GOOD LEAD---BUT THE ATOMIC  
PLANE HAD SPEED TO BURN! NOT LONG AFTER---



THERE  
THEY  
ARE!

GIVE  
'ER THE GUN,  
BILL! WE'VE  
GOT WORK  
TO DO!

THE REDS WERE HEAVILY ARMED---BUT THEY WERE UP  
AGAINST A SPEEDY, MANEUVERABLE ENEMY---INTENT  
ON A JUSTIFIED REVENGE---



RAT-TAT-TAT!

BAM!  
BAM!

GRIMLY, COMMANDER BILL  
BATTLE CLUNG TO HIS OPPON-  
ENT'S TAIL, POURING IN A RED-  
HOT BARRAGE WITH UNERRING  
ACCURACY! THEN---



FOR TONY  
GARDELLO,  
YOU RATE!

YES, FOR TONY GARDELLO---  
BRAVE, LOYAL ATOMIC COM-  
MANDO WHO HAD GIVEN HIS  
LIFE THAT DEMOCRACY MIGHT  
LIVE! SO PERISHED SERGIEV,  
KILLER AND SPY---ANDREYSKI,  
SCIENTIST OF DEATH---



H-HELP!

AND BACK IN WASHINGTON---

THE CONCENTRATED SEED  
INTENDED FOR AMERICA IS  
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE  
SEA, MR. PRESIDENT---AND  
ANDREYSKI  
WAS THE ONLY  
MAN WHO  
KNEW ITS  
SECRET!

I'LL ALWAYS BE  
PROUD OF MY DE-  
CISION TO LET YOU  
MEN HANDLE THIS  
AFFAIR! ACCEPT MY  
THANKS AND THE  
NATION'S---WE'RE  
PROUD OF OUR  
ATOMIC  
COMMANDOS!

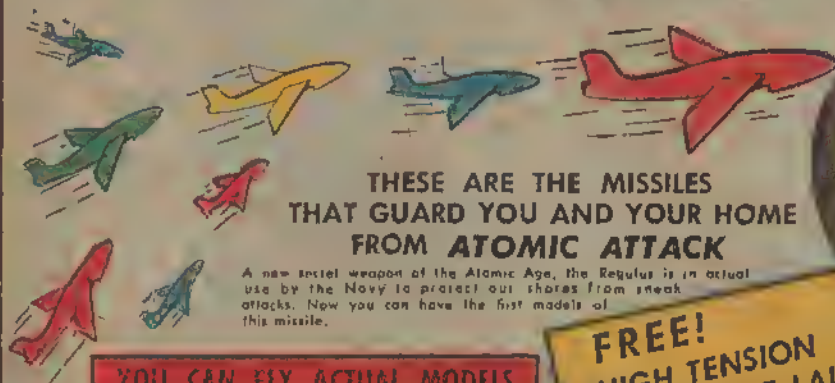


WE'VE GOT A SURPRISE IN STORE  
FOR YOU! FOR FAST-PACED ACTION AND  
EXCITEMENT, JUST WATCH THE ATOMIC  
COMMANDOS---IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

The  
END!



# YOU CAN FLY GUIDED MISSILES



**THESE ARE THE MISSILES  
THAT GUARD YOU AND YOUR HOME  
FROM ATOMIC ATTACK**

A new secret weapon of the Atomic Age, the Regulus is in actual use by the Navy to protect our shores from sneak attacks. Now you can have the first models of this missile.

**YOU CAN FLY ACTUAL MODELS  
OF "REGULUS" GUIDED MISSILES**

You can fly ten of these atomic missiles. Available for the first time, these realistic looking models are made of special aero-balsa in brilliant colors. You can send up a barrage of terrific speed. Fly them in loops, circles, slants. Your friends will envy you when they see you fly Regulus missiles—for altitude, or targets, for speed and maneuvers. But with ten missiles, they can join in the fun, too. You'll enjoy hundreds of fun-filled flights with these super-sonic missiles and the special high tension catapult launcher. And at this terrific low price, the supply is limited. **SO RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW!**

**GUARANTEE**

Regulus missiles are absolutely guaranteed. If not satisfied, return within 10 days for refund.

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**10 for \$7**

**FREE!  
HIGH TENSION  
CATAPULT LAUNCHERS**

Rush your order and receive two special high tension catapult launchers, absolutely FREE

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Please send me 10 Regulus guided missiles for \$1

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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**IN JUST  
30 days**



**HIP POCKET GYM**

**build a BODY of STEEL**

**THIS SYSTEM IS SO EFFECTIVE IT IS USED BY U.S. VETERANS  
HOSPITALS TO HELP REBUILD HEALTH AND VIGOR IN WOUNDED!**

Even if you don't want to be a professional STRONG MAN — You owe it to yourself to keep FIT, HEALTHY and to FEAR NO ONE! Right Now — in the privacy of your own home you can EASILY develop your muscles and have a much better-looking body that everyone will admire. No expensive Systems — No drawn-out correspondence courses — Everything you need comes to you in one compact package. HIP-POCKET GYM will develop your chest, biceps, triceps, neck, back, shoulders, stomach and legs.

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**BECOME A WINNER**



# BROTHER, YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB!

ARTHUR JOHNSON'S job was that of a minor scientific aide in the highly important weapons division of a U. S. government atomic energy plant. Like so many others, he worked hard all day, and sometimes stopped off for a drink at a bar which had recently opened nearby, just outside of limits. And when he drank, he wasn't quite as cautious as he might be. He let it be known that he was overworked at the plant and was getting pretty darned tired of all this silly hush-hush and the way a man's life wasn't his own when he was in government service. And soon he found a sympathetic listener in the bartender, who agreed that it was all a dirty shame! Take all these loyalty probes, for instance—they didn't leave a guy any decent privacy at all! And what was it all for? Was there any money in it? The bartender assured Johnson that he could doubtless go anywhere in private industry and get an easier job with shorter hours and less work—and at higher pay, too!

It was surprising how friendly that bartender was—how thoroughly he agreed with all of Johnson's opinions and went even further in his own. A man like Johnson, he thought, had real brains and should be making real dough. Matter of fact, he knew some men, good joes all of them, who might be able to help him in this direction. And so the next step was to introduce Arthur Johnson to the good joes. They were affable and fun-loving, taking Johnson with them to various places of entertainment in his spare time, and never letting him spend a cent! They even let him sit in at some swell card games, where at first he won steadily. Then his luck seemed to change—and before he knew it, he was in debt for several thousands. It was strange the way the good joes changed their attitude then. It was a case of pay up immediately—or else! This bore the threat of physical violence, and Johnson begged for mercy. It was at the back room of the bar, and the leader of the group, Martin by name, spoke his piece. "Look, buddy, why don't you get wise to yourself?" he breathed. "We know all about you! You're in the weapons division, and you have access to the plans for

the new helium trigger gadget the government's working on. Never mind how we know about it—we want those plans! Copy 'em, steal 'em, either—but get 'em! Ten grand for you and we forget the I.O.U.'s if you do the job—the bottom of the river if you don't. What do you say?"

What could Johnson say? Just three days later, with butterflies in his stomach, he was mounting the dark stairs at the address given him, his pocket holding certain papers. He entered a door which was locked carefully after him, and handed the sheaf of papers to Martin, who was accompanied by the others. "Now how's—how's about my ten grand," he asked nervously.

"Yeah—how's about it?" jeered Martin. "Listen, sucker, we invested enough in you already! Think we're gonna pay out dough like that an' let you walk outa here to put the finger on us? Brother, you're leavin' here just as broke as when you came in—an' feet first!"

"I see," said Johnson quietly. "Well, in that case, I wish you luck with those plans I brought you! If you'll study them carefully, you'll find that they contain every detail you need for the manufacture of pool tables!"

With a howl of rage, Martin went for his gun—but he wasn't fast enough. Strangely Arthur Johnson, meek scientific aide, had gotten there first, and his shot blew Martin's weapon from his hand. Things happened fast then as Martin met the charging gang with gun and flying fists. He was no superman—just a hard and earnest fighter—and he wouldn't have stood a chance if the door hadn't gone down under the determined charge of a group of men who took the spics in hand without further ado. The leader of the newcomers lingered to shake Johnson's hand warmly. "Swell going, Artie," he cried. "It must've been tough, for the best counter-espionage man in the service, working in that atomic plant just to get a lead on this spy ring we knew was operating!"

Yes, it had been tough, thought Johnson as he made his way homeward. But who cared? It's a wonderful feeling to be able to say to yourself, "Brother, you've done a good job!"





YOU'VE MET THE FIGHTING MEN OF THE **ATOMIC SUB**, AND WATCHED THEM IN PULSE-STIRRING ACTION! AND YOU KNOW NOW CLOSELY YOUR WELFARE IS TIED UP WITH THEIR SUCCESS! IT'S IMPORTANT, THEREFORE, THAT YOU GET TO KNOW EACH OF THEM-- LEARN HOW HE THINKS AND REACTS UNDER TENSE AND STIRRING CIRCUMSTANCES THAT HE MUST MEET! HERE WE BRING YOU ONE OF YOUR ALL-TIME FAVORITES-- STARRING IN--

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ATOMIC COMMANDO! II. "DOC" BLAKE

PARDON ME--IT'S "**DOC**" **BLAKE**, ISN'T IT? I'M ANDREWS OF THE TRIBUNE! OUR READERS WOULD LIKE A STORY ON YOU AS A TYPICAL **ATOMIC COMMANDO**-- YOU KNOW, A DAY IN YOUR LIFE AND STUFF LIKE THAT!

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A **TYPICAL ATOMIC COMMANDO**, MR. ANDREWS-- WE'RE ALL OF US DIFFERENT, EACH SELECTED FOR SPECIALIZED SKILLS OF HIS OWN! C'MON ABOARD, AND I'LL TRY TO GIVE YOU THE 'LOWDOWN'!

IN MY CASE, THE SPECIALIZED SKILLS ARE **SCIENTIFIC**--AND I'M GOING TO TELL YOU A SCIENTIFIC STORY WHICH MIGHT HAVE CHANGED HUMAN HISTORY! BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU SOME BACKGROUND MATERIAL -- SO YOUR READERS CAN SEE HOW ALL THIS CAME TO HAPPEN TO ME ON THAT CRAZY **DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ATOMIC COMMANDO!**





"MAYBE IT ALL STARTED A LONG TIME AGO--AS FAR BACK AS COLLEGE, WHERE MY CLASSMATES JUST COULDN'T MAKE OUT THE SORT OF GUY I WAS!"

THERE'S BLAKE-- HIS NOSE IN A BOOK AGAIN! GUESS THAT'S THE ONLY THING HE'S GOOD FOR!

SHOWS ALL YOU KNOW! ACTUALLY, THE FELLA'S A WHIZ AT **EVERY-THING**--BASE-BALL, FOOTBALL AND WHAT HAVE YOU--BUT HE'S **NUTS** ABOUT **BOOKS!**

"YES, I WAS NUTS ABOUT BOOKS, ALL RIGHT--ES-PECIALLY IF THEY CONCERNED **SCIENCE!** EVEN AT THAT AGE, SCIENCE WAS MEAT AND DRINK TO ME--"

IT--IT'S A WAY OF LIFE-- AND I **LOVE** IT!

"BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE WHICH I LOVED--AND THAT WAS **ACTION!** YOU CAN BE SURE THAT I DIDN'T TRY FOR A SAFE BEHIND-THE-LINES JOB DURING THE WAR! TAKE MY WORD FOR IT--THAT WAS **ME** IN THE TANK!"

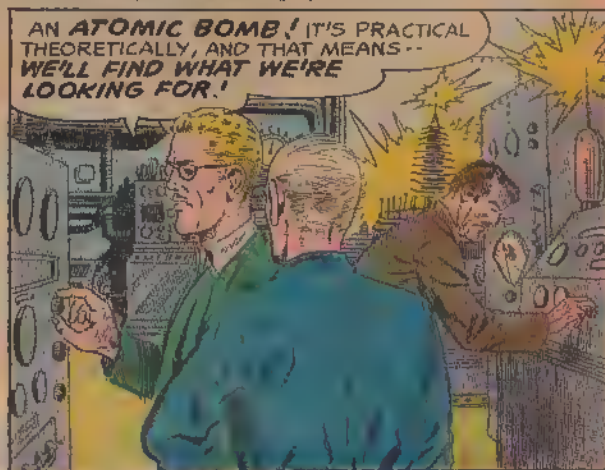


"I ATE IT UP--UNTIL ONE DAY--"



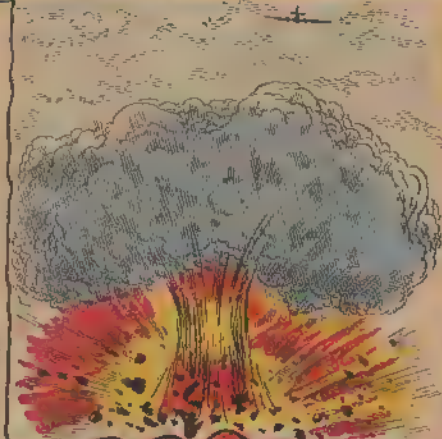
HEY, BLAKE! LETTER FOR YOU--OFFICIAL!

"WOULDN'T YOU JUST KNOW THAT THE GOVERNMENT HAD CAUGHT UP WITH ME & THEY FIGURED THAT MY BACKGROUND WOULD GO OVER BETTER IN THE **MANHATTAN PROJECT** THAN A TANK--AND SO--"



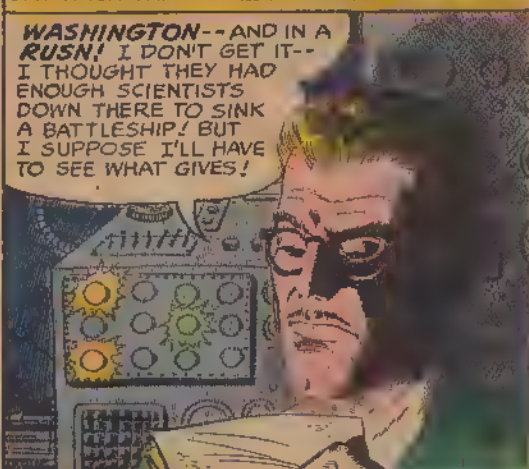
AN **ATOMIC BOMB!** IT'S PRACTICAL THEORETICALLY, AND THAT MEANS-- WE'LL FIND WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

"WELL-- THEY GAVE ME TOO MUCH CREDIT WHEN THEY SAID IT WAS MY INNOVATIONS ON THE DETONATOR THAT ALLOWED THE A-BOMB TO BE DROPPED ON HIROSHIMA A YEAR AHEAD OF SCHEDULE--"



**BA-ROOOM!**

"THE WAR ENDED, AND THERE I WAS IN A TECHNICAL LAB BACK HOME, THINKING THEY'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME--UNTIL THE FATEFUL DAY WHEN THAT WIRE ARRIVED--"



**WASHINGTON--** AND IN A **RUSH!** I DON'T GET IT-- I THOUGHT THEY HAD ENOUGH SCIENTISTS DOWN THERE TO SINK A BATTLESHIP! BUT I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT GIVES!



"I FOUND OUT! IT WAS THE **ATOMIC SUB**--  
THEY'D CHOSEN **ME** AS ITS **SCIENTIFIC**  
**SPECIALIST!** I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY  
WHEN THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF SWORE US IN AS  
**ATOMIC COMMANDOS**---"

REPEAT AFTER ME! "I SWEAR  
TO GIVE MY ALL TO AMERICA  
--TO PROTECT WITH MY  
LIFE THE GREAT NEW  
SECRET WEAPON---"

I SWEAR  
TO GIVE  
MY ALL  
TO AMERICA  
--TO PROTECT  
WITH MY LIFE---

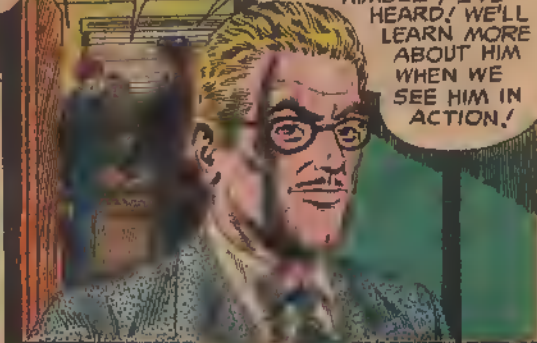


"I'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT MY COLLEAGUES  
DIDN'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO MAKE OF ME."

HE'S NO  
STRONG  
MAN, LIKE  
ME!

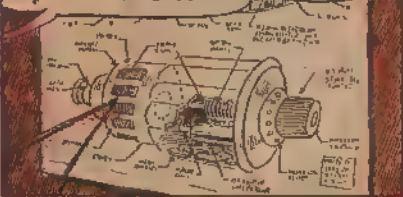
AND NO  
HOUDINI-  
TYPE  
ESCAPE  
ARTIST--  
LIKE ME!

HE'S NOT AN EX-  
SECRET SERVICE MAN  
LIKE I AM, EITHER,  
BUT RELAX! HE'S SOME  
KIND OF PROFESSOR--  
BUT HE CAN TAKE  
PLENTY GOOD CARE OF  
HIMSELF, I'VE  
HEARD! WE'LL  
LEARN MORE  
ABOUT HIM  
WHEN WE  
SEE HIM IN  
ACTION!



"THE ACTION WAS TO COME LATER!  
I SOON LEARNED WHY I HAD BEEN  
CHOSEN! AT A MEETING OF CON-  
STRUCTION ENGINEERS--"

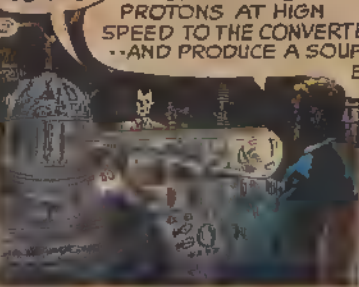
THIS IS A GREAT SUBMARINE WE'VE  
BUILT-- ALL BUT FOR ONE THING!  
ITS ATOMIC ENGINE STILL DOESN'T  
ALLOW FOR THE GREAT SPEED  
WE'D LIKE! THAT'S ONE OF THE  
REASONS WHY **DR. EDWIN**  
**BLAKE** HAS BEEN CALLED IN!  
IT IS OUR HOPE THAT HE CAN FIND,  
WITHIN THE ATOM OF THE NEW  
**KORINIUM** ELEMENT WHICH HE  
HAS RECENTLY DISCOVERED, SOME  
MEANS OF **HIGHER-POWERED**  
**PROPULSION!**



"**KORINIUM** WAS A STRANGE,  
UNSTABLE ELEMENT WHICH  
I'D BEEN LUCKY ENOUGH TO  
ISOLATE! IT SEEMED EASILY  
FISSIONABLE---"

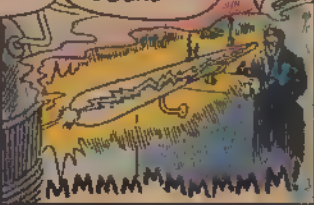
QUITE A  
DEVICE  
OF YOURS,  
DR. BLAKE!  
BUT WHAT  
IN TUNKET  
IS IT?

IT'S A  
MINIATURE ATOM-  
SMASHER--BUT A  
**POWERFUL** ONE!  
MY PLAN IS TO  
SPLIT THE KORINIUM  
ATOM! LATER, I  
HOPE TO FEED  
PROTONS AT HIGH  
SPEED TO THE CONVERTERS  
--AND PRODUCE A SOUPED-UP  
ENGINE!

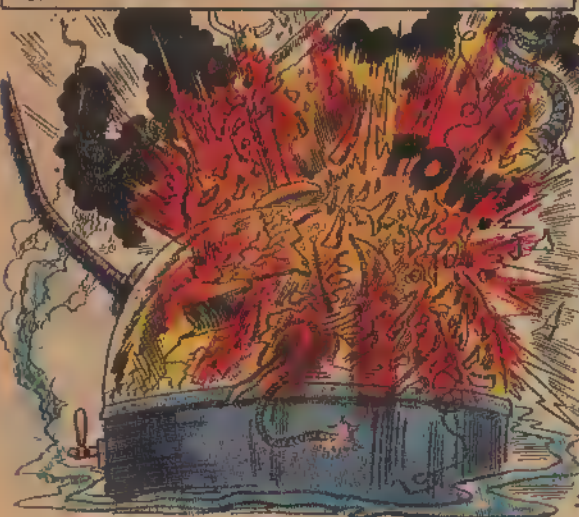


"IT WAS A TICKLISH BUSINESS,  
FOOLING AROUND WITH AN  
UNSTABLE ELEMENT WHICH  
EVEN I SCARCELY KNEW!  
BUT THE NEED WAS GREAT--  
AND TIME WAS OF THE ES-  
SENCE---"

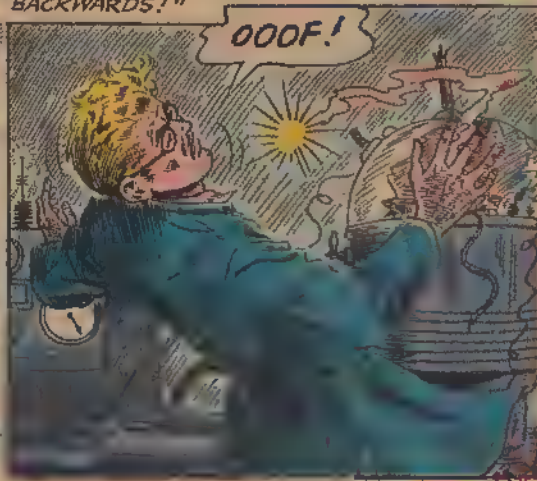
STANDARD  
PROCEDURE UP TO NOW--  
EXCEPT THAT I'VE STEPPED  
UP THE VOLTAGE ABOVE  
ANYTHING EVER USED SO  
FAR! HMM... THE DOME  
CONTAINING THE KORINIUM  
SUBSTANCE-- IT'S  
**SMOKING**--AND I  
DON'T LIKE THAT  
SOUND---



"QUICKLY I REACHED FOR THE SWITCH--BUT  
BEFORE I COULD CUT THE AWFUL CURRENT--"



"NOW THE SMOKE WAS INCREASING--AND  
WAVERING STRANGELY! I LEAPED FOR  
A VALVE TO TURN IT OFF--AND AN INVISIBLE  
SOMETHING STRUCK ME, SENT ME HURLING  
BACKWARDS!"





"THERE WASN'T A THING I COULD SEE-- BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD FEEL! IT WAS A SORT OF MOTION IN THE AIR-- AN ODD HUMMING--"



"I TURNED, WALKED ACROSS THE LABORATORY, MY FLESH CREEPING TO THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE THING WAS FOLLOWING ME! I HAD TO FIND OUT WHAT IT WAS-- AND AN IDEA CAME TO ME--"

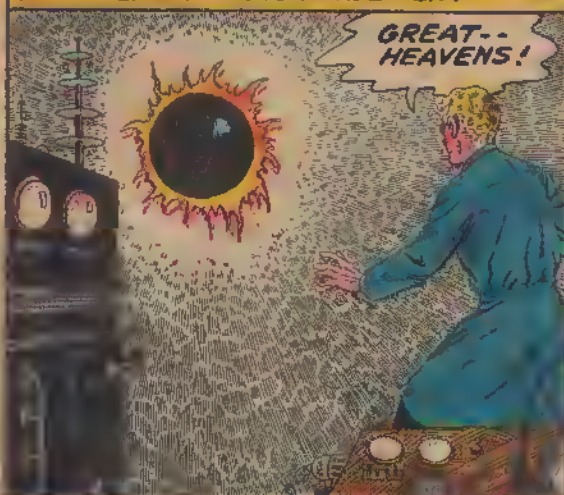


"SUDDENLY I WHIRLED-- AND CUT LOOSE!"

OKAY, BABY-- LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOU!



"NOW I SAW IT-- AND IT WAS LIKE NOTHING HUMAN EYES HAD EVER GAZED ON!"



"IT REACTED WITH A STRANGE INTELLIGENCE ALL ITS OWN! NOW THAT IT HAD BEEN DISCOVERED, IT STRUCK OUT AGAINST ME!"

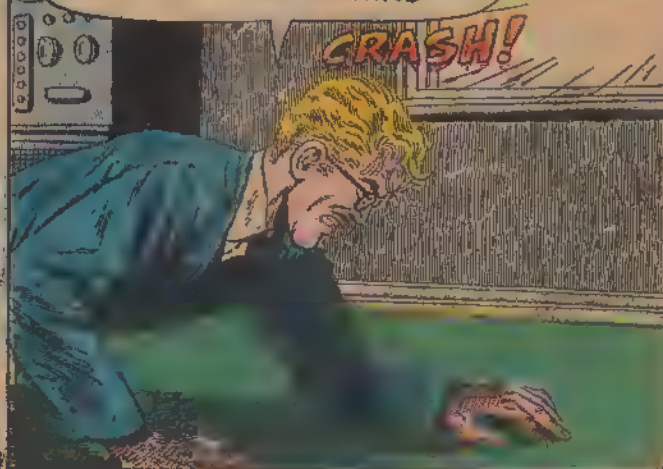


"STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT SEEMED CONTENT MERELY TO STUN ME! AS I LAY THERE, IT HEADED FOR THE OUTDOORS--"

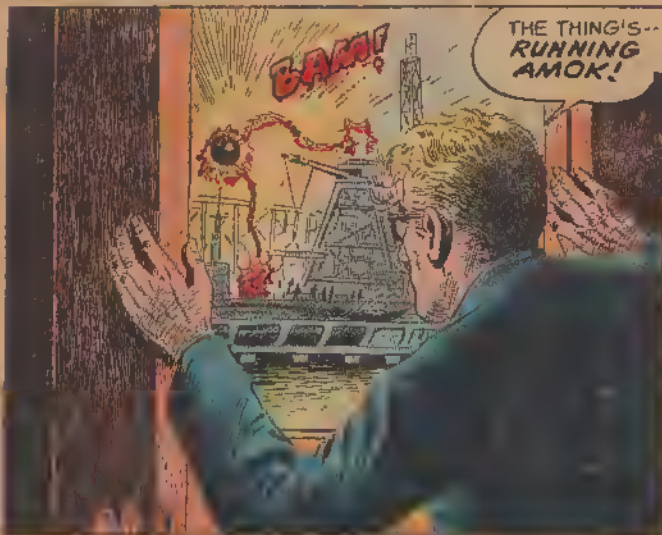


"MINUTES LATER-- AS I RECOVERED PAINFULLY--"

NOISE-- COMING FROM OUTSIDE! SOMETHING'S-- HAPPENING--



"I RUSHED OUTSIDE--TO A SCENE I'LL NEVER FORGET!"



"ALREADY NAVAL AUTHORITIES HAD BEEN ALERTED TO THE WEIRD MENACE--AND THE FIRST PLANES WERE OVERHEAD--"

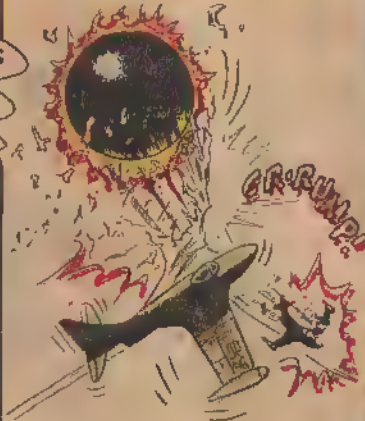
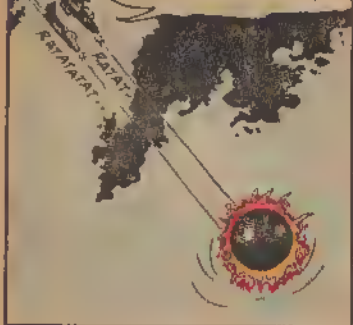
THAT'S IT!  
LET'S GO!



"GUNS SPITTING, THEY DIVED --JUST AS THE BLACK SPHERE SWELLED TO HUGE PROPORTIONS--"

"--AND SHEERED RIGHT THROUGH THE ATTACKING AIRCRAFT!"

WHAT THE--! THE BULLETS  
ARE HITTING--BUT  
THEY'VE GOT NO  
EFFECT ON  
THAT THING!



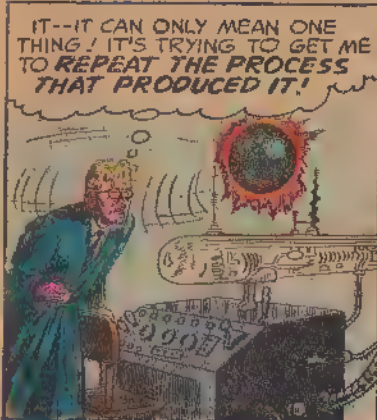
"THE THING WAS COMING DOWN NOW, SHRINKING IN SIZE AS IT DESCENDED! AND IT WAS HEADING BACK TOWARDS THE LABORATORY! IT SEEMED TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS DOING--"

I WAS THE ONE WHO BROUGHT THAT TERRIBLE THING INTO EXISTENCE--AND SOMEHOW--I'VE GOT TO DESTROY IT!



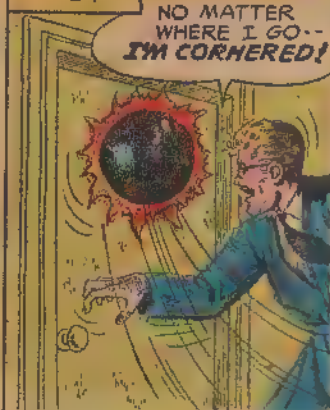


"IT WASN'T TRYING TO HURT ME, BUT IT WAS STALKING ME WITH A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE PURPOSEFULNESS! SUDDENLY I PERCEIVED WHAT IT WAS UP TO--IT WAS HERDING ME TOWARDS THE CONTROLS OF THE ATOM-SMASHER!"



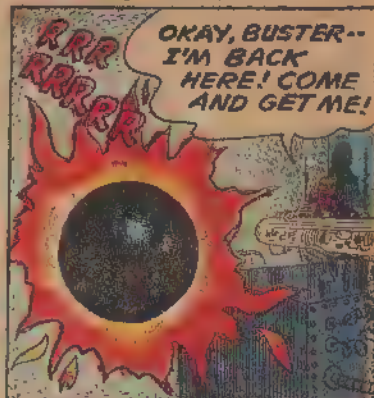
IT--IT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING! IT'S TRYING TO GET ME TO REPEAT THE PROCESS THAT PRODUCED IT!

"TO LOOSE OTHER SUCH HORRORS ON THE WORLD--IT WAS UNTHINKABLE! FRANTICALLY, I TRIED TO ESCAPE--BUT IT SEEMED TO ANTICIPATE MY EVERY MOVE!"



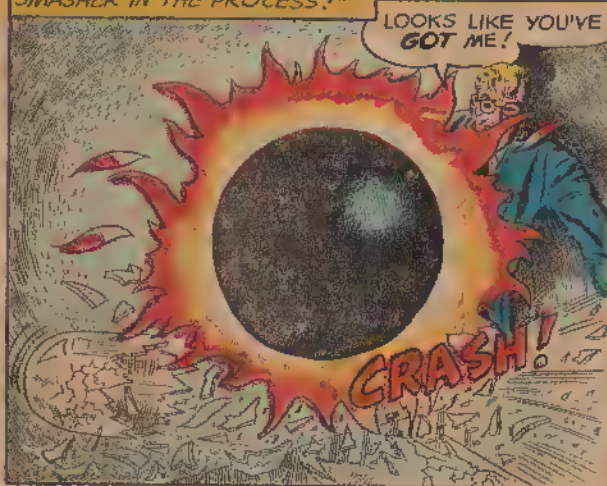
NO MATTER WHERE I GO-- I'M CORNERED!

"AS I DODGED, YOU MIGHT ALMOST SAY THAT THE THING SEEMED TO BE LOSING ITS TEMPER--JUDGING FROM THE FLARING OF THE FLAMES AND THE MENACING SOUND IT GAVE OFF! IT WAS THIS WHICH GAVE ME A SUDDEN IDEA--"



OKAY, BUSTER-- I'M BACK HERE! COME AND GET ME!

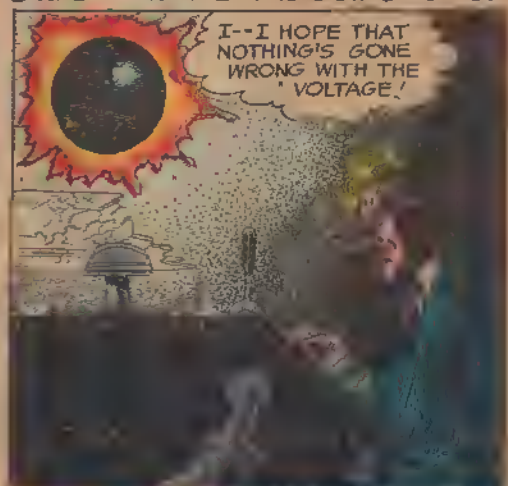
"THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT DID--ALTHOUGH IT HAD TO SHATTER THE HEAVY GLASS TUBE OF THE ATOM-SMASHER IN THE PROCESS!"



LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT ME!

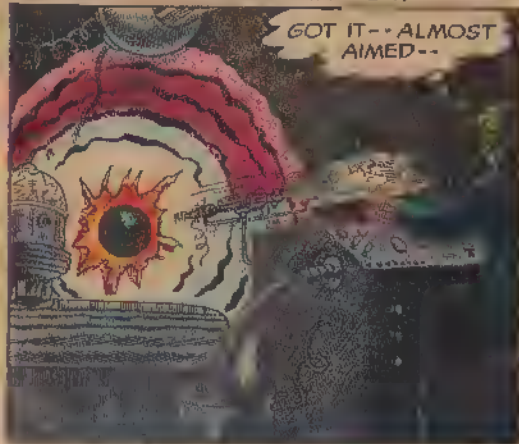
CRASH!

"I ALLOWED MYSELF TO BE CROWDED INTO THE SEAT NEAR THE CONTROLS! YOU SEE-- I KNEW WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO!"



I--I HOPE THAT NOTHING'S GONE WRONG WITH THE VOLTAGE!

"THERE IT WAS, HOVERING NEXT TO THE DOME--WAITING EAGERLY FOR THE OUTBURST OF AWFUL POWER TO CREATE OTHER MONSTROSITIES OF ITS SORT! HOW I HOPED IT WOULDN'T NOTICE AS, IMPERCEPTIBLY, I INCHED THE BIG TUBE TOWARDS IT--"



GOT IT--ALMOST AIMED--

"AND THEN--I SWITCHED ON THE POWER FULL!"

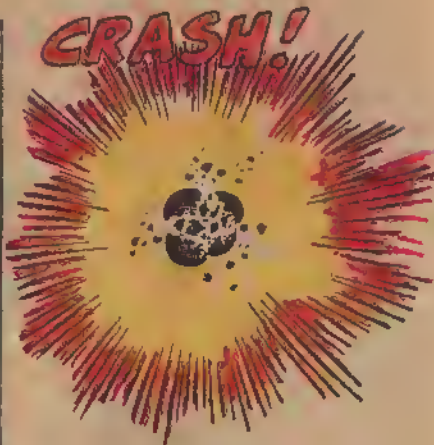
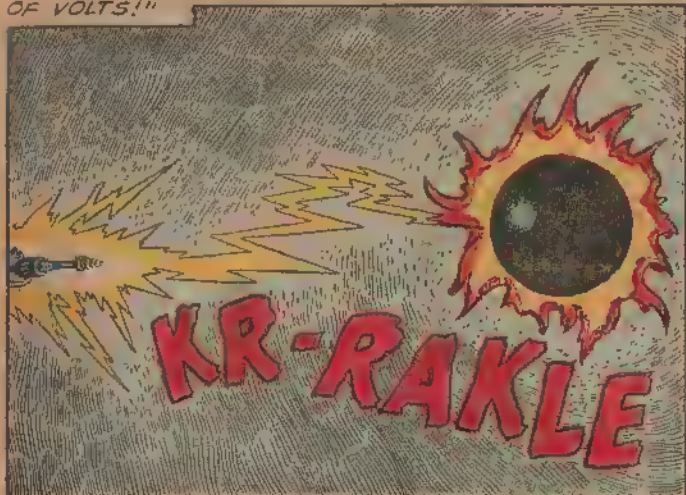


HERE GOES!



"ROBBED OF ITS PROTECTIVE GLASS SHEATHING, A WHIP-LASH OF MIGHTY POWER SHOT INTO THE OPEN-- HITTING THE WEIRD SPHERE WITH THE FULL IMPACT OF BILLIONS OF VOLTS!"

"AND NEXT MOMENT--"



"I WAS ALIVE WHEN THEY PICKED ME OUT OF THE BLASTED RUINS OF THE LABORATORY! AND THE BLACK SPHERE? BLOWN INTO NOTHINGNESS-- FOREVER!"

FROM THE LOOKS OF THIS PLACE-- YOU'D THINK AN A-BOMB HAD GONE OFF HERE!



WOW-- WHAT A STORY! TELL ME, DR. BLAKE-- WERE YOU EVER ABLE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THAT BLACK THING WAS?



NEARLY AS I CAN SEE, IT WAS PURE ENERGY RUN RIOT --A WILD ENERGY CREATED BY AN ELEMENT THAT WAS TOO UNSTABLE, WHOSE ATOMS YIELDED A CHARGE OF UNANTICIPATED PROPORTIONS! IT OPENS UP NEW VISTAS --ENERGY WITH WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN INTELLIGENCE OF ITS OWN!



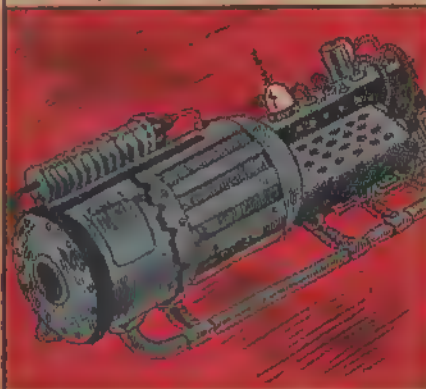
BUT ABOUT MY ORIGINAL PROJECT, A SPEEDIER ATOMIC MOTOR--THE ANSWER WAS NOW CLEAR ENOUGH! BOMBARD THE ATOMS FOR SHORTER INTERVALS, UNDER LOWER POWER--WITH A GREATER PROTECTIVE COATING! THAT GAVE US A SOURCE OF INCREDIBLE POWER-- POWER WHICH COULD BE CONTROLLED!



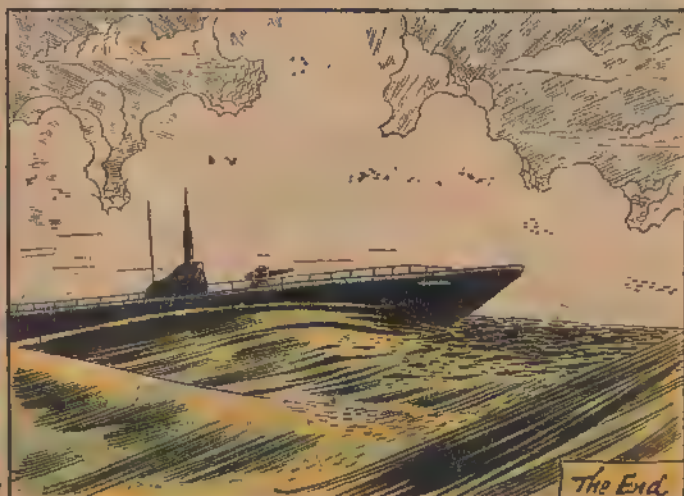
WELL--THAT SURE WAS SOME DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ATOMIC COMMANDO!



SCIENTIFIC HISTORY RECORDS THE OUTCOME OF THIS AMAZING TALE! A NEW TYPE OF ATOMIC ENGINE, PRODUCT OF THE KEEN MIND AND VAST KNOWLEDGE OF DR. EDWIN BLAKE--AN ENGINE WHOSE SUPERB PERFORMANCE HAD NEVER BEFORE BEEN EQUALED---



-- AN ENGINE WHICH MADE POSSIBLE THE MIRACULOUS, SHATTERING SPEED WHICH HAS MADE AMERICA'S ATOMIC SUB THE MIGHTIEST SEA-GOING WEAPON EVER PRODUCED!



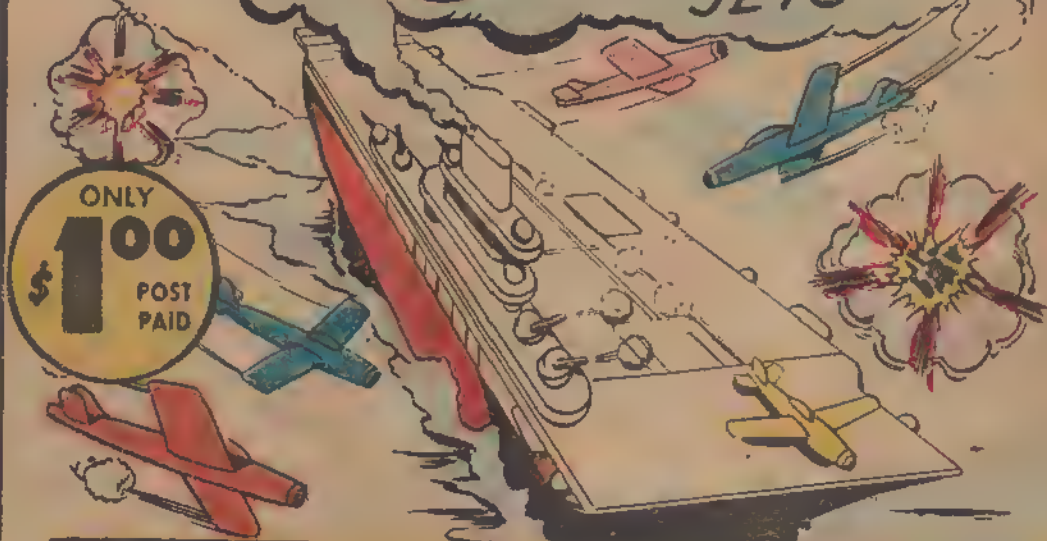
The End



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